

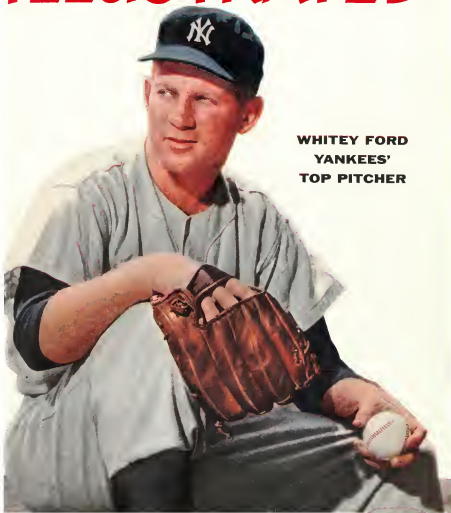
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SEPTEMBER 10, 1956

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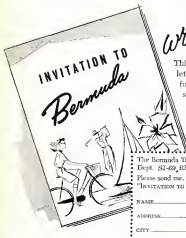
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COVER: WHITEY FORD
Photograph by Hy Peskin

Edward Charles (Whitey) Ford is an appealing blend of Small Boy and Tough Cop. In his little baseball cap and knicker-length uniform trousers, he's a boy. But when he pitches, his jaw set and his blue eyes coldly sizing up the batter, he's all cop. He's the biggest reason why the New York Yankees are confident they'll regain the World Championship (see page 18).

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THE PITCHER WHO COULD WIN THE SERIES 12

The Yankees' chances of winning the World Series, says ROBERT CREANER, could turn on the skills of Whitey Ford

SPECTACLE: BASEBALL AT NIGHT 16

Color photographs by MARVIN NEWMAN vividly illustrate how night baseball has changed the national game

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The terrible-tempered Rajah, DOROTHY STELL recalls, is a paternal baseball fester to Chicago small boys

A PEEK AT MICKEY'S BRAIN 60

Physiologists look into Mante's cranium and offer a ready explanation for his home run prowess

THE CLOTH THAT CONQUERED EVEREST 62

Light, tight and tough, the fabulous fabric worn by Hillary and Tenzing is now ready for the sporting public

TEST TIME FOR THE BLUEFIN TUNA 66

At Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, big game anglers from all over the world are meeting to hunt this giant of the deep. THOMAS H. LINEAWRAVER reports its history and habits, with maps and three pages of pictures IN COLOR

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MAN IN THE SADDLE

An intimate portrait of Willie Herteck as he flies down the stretch to win the race with Willie Shoemaker for rider of the year

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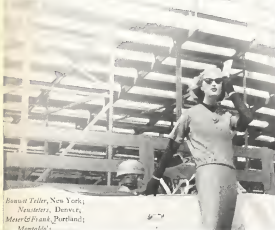
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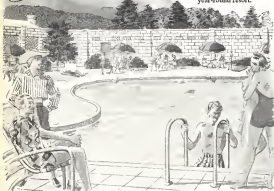


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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

Auto Racing

NASCAR short track circuit, Atlanta.

Baseball

● Milwaukee vs. Chicago, Milwaukee, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*).
National Baseball Congress, Global World Series, Milwaukee (through Sept. 12).

Boxing

● Johnny Sumner vs. Harold Carter, heavyweights, Mad Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Rodeo

Lewiston Roundup, Lewiston, Idaho.

Shooting

Olympic 300 meter highpower rifle tryouts, Camp Perry, Ohio.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

Auto Racing

NASCAR short track circuit, Hughes Stadium, Sacramento, Calif.
Sports Car Club of America endurance race, Elkhart Lake, Wis. (also Sept. 9).
International Hill Climb, Prescott, England.

Baseball

● Cleveland vs. Chicago, Cleveland, 1:45 p.m. (CBS-TV*).
● 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing

Atlantic Coast Penguin championship, Oak Orchard, Del.
Connolly's Trophy, predicted leg race, Port Washington, N.Y.
Jeffries Lodge sacking race, Manchester, Mass.

Boxing

Archie Moore vs. Ray Shire, heavyweights (10 rds.), Ogden, Utah.
Virgil Alkins vs. Charley Sawyer, welterweights (10 rds.), Hollywood, Calif.

Golf

● Rubber City Open, \$20,000, semifinals, Akron, 5 p.m. (Mutual*).

Horsemen Pitching

South Atlantic Association championship, Salisbury, Md.

Horse Show

Rose Tree Horse Show, Media, Pa.

Horse Racing

Del Mar Turf, \$35,000, 2-yr.-olds, 6 f., Del Mar, Calif.
Fochbacher National Cup steeplechase, Fair Hill, Md.

Soccer

Women's world championship, Seals, Clearwater, Fla.
National Soccer Congress men's championships, Tulsa, Okla.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

Auto Racing

NASCAR championship circuit, Meigsboro, Ala.
Prix d'Autisme, Monte Carlo, Monaco.
Grand Prix de Rome, Italy.
NASCAR Convertible circuit, Chicago.

Baseball

● Brooklyn vs. New York, Brooklyn, 2 p.m. (Mutual*).

Dog Show

35th Annual Westchester Dog Show, Purchase, N.Y.

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COMING EVENTS

continued from page 7

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

Baseball

- Chicago vs. Boston, Chicago, 1:25 p.m. (MutualTM).

Horse Racing

Good Time Pace, \$25,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

Tennis

Pacific Southwest championship, Los Angeles (through Sept. 23).
Professional Tournament (Trabert, Gonzales), Paris.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

Baseball

- New York vs. St. Louis, New York, 1:25 p.m. (MutualTM).

Boating

Off-Shooting cruise, New London, Conn.

Boxing

- Ralph (Tiger) Jones vs. Will Greenaw, middle-
- weights (10 rds.), Washington, 10 p.m. (HBC).

Bicycling

U.S. Olympic team tryouts, San Jose, Calif.

Horse Racing

Los Angeles Fair Quarter Horse meet, Pomona, Calif.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

Auto Racing

Indianapolis Fair Grounds 100-mile race, Indianapolis.

Baseball

- Cleveland vs. Boston, Cleveland, 1:45 p.m. (CBS-
- TV); 1:50 p.m. (MutualTM).

Boating

1955 Olympic Canoe Trials, Staatsburg, N.Y. (also Sept. 16).
President's Cup, unlimited hydroplanes, Washington, D.C.
225-cu-in hydroplane American Power Boat Association championship, Melbourne, Ky.
Hut Island Sail race, Seattle.

Boxing

Charley Green vs. George Johnson, middleweights (10 rds.), Hollywood, Calif.

Horse Racing

United Nations Handicap, \$100,000, 3-yr-olds up, 1 3/16 m., Atlantic City, 3:30 p.m. (CBS-TV); 5 p.m. (CBS-radio).

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

Auto Racing

NASCAR Convertible Circuit, Memphis, Tenn.

Baseball

- Milwaukee vs. Cincinnati, Milwaukee, 2 p.m. (MutualTM).

Boating

Rogers Memorial trophy, unlimited hydroplanes, Washington, D.C.
World championship 800-kilo motorboat class, Lake Lugano, Italy.

Boxing

Peter Mueller vs. Charley Hamez, heavyweights (10 rds.), Dortmund, Germany.

Football

Baltimore vs. Washington (preseason game), Baltimore, 2 p.m. (CBS-TV)

Motorcycling

Class A National Hillclimb championship, Lacomb, N.H.

Soccer

Hamilton vs. Philadelphia, Philadelphia.

Track & Field

AAU 25-kilometer championship walk, Clifton, N.J.
AAU 50-kilometer championship walk, Baltimore.

* See local listing



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practicality have never been so difficult to resist. For it has become increasingly apparent that a Cadillac is one of the soundest investments on the highways today. Why not visit your dealer soon? We think you'll be anxious to join that happy group of motorists who are making this their first Cadillac year.
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HOTBOX



The Question:

What happened to the Pittsburgh Pirates? (After finishing in the cellar five times in the last seven years, the Pirates led the National League as late as June 6.)

BOBEY BRAGAN

Manager



That's a tough question. In the first 50 games we had the best one-two-three punch in baseball—Rennie Klime, Bob Friend and Dale Long. We won 39 of our first 50 games but only 14 of the second 50. Just think, we scored only 15 runs for Bob Friend in 11 games.

FRANK THOMAS

Third baseman



We haven't hit when the hits count most—with men on bases. Our pitching has been O.K., but the pitchers can't carry the team. Understand, our hitting isn't bad. Several of our batters have good averages, but we haven't hit in the clutch. I'm as guilty as the rest of our players.

CLYDE SUKEFORTH

Coach



The Pirates are a young club. All clubs are subject to slumps. Brooklyn, this year, is an example. However, a young club like ours presses more. The slump lasts longer because the pressure is greater. The Pirates don't need much help to make them a pennant-contending first-division club.

LEX WALLS

Outfielder



We've just had a 30-minute clubhouse meeting trying to work that one out. We beat the clubs that are now beating us. We can still do it. Our injuries, more than other clubs, prolonged our slump. But I think that the basic trouble was our age. We were too young to keep up the early pace.

HANK POILES

Catcher



Nothing that a few timely hits couldn't cure. Out of 73 defeats, we've lost 23 by only one run. After a spectacular start, our hitting fell off for no apparent reason. We were getting the hits, still are, but not when we needed them most. We're still going to hurt some of the top teams.

BOB FRIEND

Pitcher



Everything went fine for a while. It was real great being on top. Too great because our fans got the pennant fever. That was unfortunate because we don't have a first-place club. We seem to have let our fans down. I think we can finish fifth this year and in the first division next year.

DICK Groat

Shortstop



We stopped getting timely hits. The reason? Who knows! Dale Long certainly could not be expected to go on hitting the way he was. When he stopped hitting no one picked up. We've also given away too many runs. There's no reason why we should because we have a great defensive team.

DALE LONG

First baseman



Any number of things. Mainly we stopped getting enough runs. Actually, we're not the club to get a lot of runs. We lost our early season punch to back up our fine pitchers. I'm mainly to blame, although it's not all my fault. I hurt my leg. But I don't mean this as an alibi.

BOB SKINNER

Outfielder

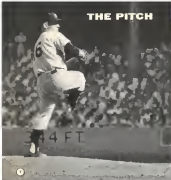


The rest of the league ganged up on us. They thought we still belonged in last place and couldn't stand our being on top. We just pressed too hard to get out of our slump. But we gave them something to think about. They don't take us for granted any more. Watch the Pirates from now on.

NEXT WEEK:

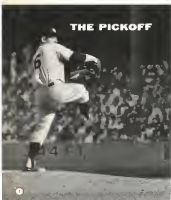
Which would you prefer as a fiancé: an athletic man or the studious type? (Asked of Miss Universe contestants.)

THE PITCH



WHITEY FORD, FAMOUS FOR HIS DECEPTIVE, LIGHTNING-QUICK PICKOFF THROW TO FIRST, SETS THE BASE RUNNER UP WITH NORMAL PITCH TO

THE PICKOFF



FORD, NOW READY TO TRY THE PICKOFF, IMITATES TRUE PITCHING MOTION PERFECTLY AS HE RAISES HIS RIGHT FOOT (1) AND KICKS TOWARD

**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED**
SEPTEMBER 10, 1956

THE PITCHER WHO

by **ROBERT CREAMER**

Whitey Ford looks like a little boy,

THE NEW YORK YANKEES, who this week are tucking in the edges of their 22nd pennant, have dominated the American League all season. There seemed no reason to believe in the spring that they would not win the pennant. There seemed no reason to doubt them in midsummer. And now, going toward autumn and the imminent end of the pennant race, their commanding lead is concrete evidence of their overwhelming strength.

And yet hope has persisted all season among those teams which made a serious effort to challenge the Yankees (the Indians, the White Sox and the Red Sox), hope that perhaps New York would collapse and come back to the field. The reason for hope? Yankee pitching was suspect. It was

erratic, uncertain, hardly of the quality of Yankee fielding, Yankee hitting, Yankee base running. It was the Achilles heel of this otherwise outstanding team; and, the argument ran, as a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, so were the Yankees only as strong as their pitching.

For of all the dozens and dozens of timeworn maxims governing the thoughts of those who follow the great game of baseball, few are as valid as the one that says, "Pitching is 75% of the game."

This one is attributed to Connie Mack and is accepted as the truth. There are deviationists who say the proportion should be only 50% or as much as 90% or some equally insane precise figure. But nearly everyone agrees that as a

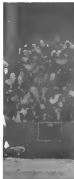


PLATE. NOTE HOW HE KICKS HIS FOOT TOWARD FIRST BASE (2), BUT STEPS DIRECTLY TOWARD HOME (3) AS HE PITCHES THE BALL



FIRST BASE (3), BUT THIS TIME HE STEPS TOWARD FIRST (5), AS THE RULES REQUIRE, SNAPS QUICK THROW (6) WITHOUT BODY MOTION (5)

COULD WIN THE SERIES

but he's big enough to win the World Championship

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY FESKIN

general rule a bad team with a good pitcher will beat a good team with a bad pitcher. Pitching, in a word, is strength. Lack of pitching is weakness.

But the Yankees seemingly defied the maxim, and they certainly destroyed hope. They won steadily, and though they slumped at times they rallied and took the games they had to take, those keystone victories that hold up the arch of a six- or seven-game lead. Slowly the realization grew that the Yankees, rather than defying the maxim, had upheld it.

It was true enough that the pitching was shaky: four of the five pitchers Casey Stengel had counted on as his starters in the spring failed him. Bob Turley, the speed-baller,

had trouble with his control. Don Larsen followed one well-pitched game with a terrible one. Tommy Byrne, the surprise of 1955 (first in winning percentage in the American League, with 16 wins against five defeats), had bad luck as a starting pitcher in 1956 and was converted into a regular (and reasonably effective) relief pitcher. Maurice McDermott, the once skinny and lightning-fast left-hander obtained from Washington, had more weight and less speed and was an almost complete bust.

But young Johnny Kucla, the stringbean from New Jersey, quietly and confidently moved into the rotation, pitched more innings and won more games than anyone

continued on next page

WHITEY FORD

continued from page 18

else on the staff. Tom Sturdivant, a relief pitcher by trade, put a newly polished knuckle ball to good use as a starter and took up a good deal of the slack left by the defection of Turley, Larsen, Byrne and McDermott.

And Edward Charles (Whitey) Ford, ace of the staff in the spring, remained ace of the staff in September, pitching key games against the best pitchers in the league, winning games that had to be won. The Achilles heel had healed itself.

In July a clear-eyed manager of one of the American League teams engaged in the futile chase of New York took it upon himself to destroy what he considers to be a myth.

"I keep hearing about this weak Yankee pitching, this terrible Yankee pitching," he said. "That's a lot of garbage. They got a hell of a pitching staff. They got depth, all the way down the line. Big guys that can throw. And Ford. You name me a better pitcher in the league than Ford, Pierce? He's as good as Ford, sure, but you think he's any better? I don't know but what I'd rather have Ford. He's tough, a tough little pitcher."

Tough? This little fellow with the knickers and the small boy's cap?

"I'll tell you one secret about Ford," said Jim Turner, pitching coach under Stengel. "He looks like a little boy out

there on the mound. But he isn't. He's a man, and a big man. You ought to see the shoulders on him, and the back. He weighs 185 pounds. He's big. He's strong. People think he's one of those cuties, has to fool the batters. But don't worry about Ford. He's got plenty of stuff on the ball."

As for Ford himself, he sat in the dugout in Yankee Stadium late one afternoon before a night game and talked about himself and about pitching and about the Yankees.

"I weigh 180," he demurred gently. "I know because I just weighed myself. I don't want to get fat."

He smiled, a closefaced, amused little smile, as if this were a personal joke.

"When I tried out for the Yankees in 1946 I was five seven and weighed 140. I was a first baseman. Krichell [Paul Krichell, the Yankees' chief scout] told me I was too little to be a first baseman. He told me to try pitching. That summer I played with a team in the Journal-American League, over in the Polo Grounds. I pitched all summer, and then they came looking for me."

Ford grinned again, as if he had just thought of something funny.

"Maybe Krichell was just kidding," he said, "because I was so little. I wonder if he was. Though I could always throw pretty good."

"That summer I learned how to throw a curve. I mean, I know how to hold it, you know, and spin it off your fingers. But that summer I learned how



IN CLUBHOUSE BUTIFUL FORD SIGNS BALLS

to throw it. The day they came to see me we won 1-0 in 11 innings. I struck out about 18 guys. The Yanks signed me when the season was over in October, just before I was 18."

Ford went to the minors, into the Yankee chain. He pitched in Class C—the second-lowest minor league classification—in 1947, Class B in 1948, Class A in 1949 and Class AAA in 1950, a steady, classic progress up the minor league ladder, climaxed in midsummer of 1950 when he was called up to the Yankees.

Ford's won-and-lost record, season by season, is remarkably constant: 13-4, 16-8, 16-5, 15-4 (combining his Kansas City and New York records in 1950), 18-6 (in 1953 after two years in military service), 16-8, 18-7 and, this year, 15-5 by the first of September. If consistency is a jewel, Ford is high-carat quality.

His record indicates that he improved markedly year by year in the minors, since he advanced into faster competition each season. He pitched extremely well for Kansas City in 1950 (6 won, 3 lost) but turned in an even better record with the Yankees (9-1) after he was called up halfway through the season.

"What you learn, pitching in the minors," Ford said, "is confidence. You learn your pitches and what you can do with them. I grew up. I got bigger and heavier. I used the fast ball. I used the curve more and more. And I learned how to throw the changeup."

Once again he smiled, a half-embarrassed, half-amused smile.

"That's all I throw now," he confessed. "Fast ball, curve, change. I tried a slider for a while one year up

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HIGHLIGHT

From the diary of a Giant fan who last week watched archrival Jackie Robinson running on the Polo Grounds base paths:

nosy works, works, finally walks, pigeon-toed, to first. "Go on, Robby, worry him." Riddik looking over at first, throws ball one, ball two to Amoros, who waits, bat twitching. Robby, edging off, goes with the pitch. "There he goes! There he goes!" He beats the throw by plenty, a stolen base. Three and one. Robby fidgeting off second, Riddik looking back. Ball four, and out comes Rigney. Hell, we're ahead 3-0 and we're nervous as kittens. Furillo, the Giant Killer, up. Riddik curves one in. Robby ambling insolently off second, Three and one! Rigney up, to water cooler. Nervous as cats. Walked him! Bases loaded, Campy up now. Look at Jackie! Bouncing, bouncing off third. Look at him. Castleman holds third base like first baseman. Riddik takes off bat. Puts it on. Robby stands eight feet off bag, defying pitcher. Riddik finally turns

and, almost pitifully, takes ball to third. Schoendienst in to talk to him. Robby off again. "Ooooh," from crowd, as he makes break halfway. Ball one. Robby off, breaks, hits, breaks. Riddik watches him as he winds up. Ball two! Someone shouts, of Robby, "There is a ballplayer." Red comes in again. Sam! comes out. Boos from the crowd.

Robby again. Riddik steadfastly ignores him. Then he looks at him, throws to plate, ball three! Crowd yowls. Riddik gets the cripple in for a called strike. Robby whispers to Herman. Goes halfway down as excitement becomes almost unbearable. Riddik, desperate, pitches. Ball four. Fulfillment for Brooklyn. Campy goes to first and Robby walks home, touches plate, pats Gil Hodges encouragingly, walks to bench. Behind Dodger dugout the crowd stands, stands, and applauds. Applause for walking in from third base. Afraid this is Jackie's night.

More on Robby's individualism on page 28

THE DIFFERENCE

One of the lesser-known reasons for the Yankees' success this year has been the strength of their pitching staff. Whitey Ford, the star, has been ably backed by such as Johnny Kucks and Tom Sturdivant (right).

The depth of their hitting has also been overlooked. It is a baseball banality to talk of Yankee power, but many think of it as almost exclusively wrapped around Mantle, aided and abetted by Berra, Bauer and Skowron. Yet the Yankee bench, strongest in the league, has been a vital factor.

Casey Stengel called on his bench 149 times in New York's first 128 games. Fifty-two times the Yankee pinch-hitter reached base safely for an impressive .349 average. The 1956 Yankees have yet to be beaten by a pinch-hitter. But in six games this season (oddly all at the home stadium) a Yankee pinch-hitter has knocked in the winning run. These six games just about represent the margin of difference between New York and its closest pursuers in the American League:

● **New York, April 21.** It was the bottom of the eighth inning and the Yankees had just tied the Red Sox at 10-10. There were men on first and second with one out. Eddie Robinson (now with K.C.) pinch-hit for Andy Carey. With the count three and two, Robinson singled to left, and the winning run scored. The Yanks added four more runs before the inning was over. Result: Yankees 15, Red Sox 10.

● **New York, May 4.** It was the last half of the eighth inning and the Athletics and the Yankees were deadlocked at 6-6. There were men at second and third with one out. Joe Collins batted for Hank Bauer. Hitting the third pitch to deep short, Collins was credited with an infield single as the winning run crossed home plate. The Yanks scored three more runs that inning. Result: Yankees 10, Athletics 6.

● **New York, May 11.** It was the bottom of the ninth and the Orioles and Yanks were tied 2-2. The bases were full and there was one out. Bill Skowron pinch-hit for Bobby Richardson (now in the minors). The count reached two and two before Skowron lifted an unplayable fly to center and the game was over. Result: Yankees 3, Orioles 2.

● **New York, June 10.** It was the bottom of the third inning and the Indians and Yanks were locked in a scoreless game. There were two out and men on first and third. Although the game was so young, Joe Collins was sent to the plate to bat for Hank Bauer. He hit a long home run into the right-field bleachers, and that was the ball game. The Yanks scored three more "insurance" runs after that. Result: Yankees 6, Indians 0.

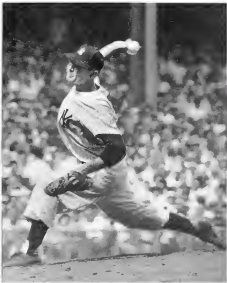
● **New York, July 3.** It was the 12th inning and the Yankees and Orioles were deadlocked 3-3. The bases were loaded with one out. Mickey McDermott pinch-hit for Gil McDougald and ripped the first pitch sharply to right. The winning run scored easily. Result: Yankees 4, Orioles 3.

● **New York, July 15.** It was the 10th inning and the Yankees were losing to the White Sox 5-4. The Yanks loaded the bases on one out, and Hank Bauer went in to hit for Phil Rizzuto. He singled through the hole, and the tying and winning runs scampered over the plate. Result: Yankees 6, White Sox 5.—L.W.



LANKY JOHNNY KUCKS, 23 and in second season, acquired poise, gained 17 wins by September 1 with whipping delivery.

THICKSET TOM STURDIVANT, 28, also in second season, developed knuckle ball, became starter, picked up 13 victories.



WHITEY FORD

continued from page 15

here, but I hurt my arm throwing it so I gave it up. It's a good pitch but not for me. It hurts me. You see, when you throw a slider you sort of snap the ball."

He demonstrated, showing with his bulky, reddish forearm how the hand follows straight down after a fast ball and twists all the way through after a curve. With the slider, he demonstrated, you more or less stop the motion abruptly halfway through. He shrugged.

"It hurt my arm, so I don't use it. Just the fast ball, the curve and the change. My fast ball is all right, but I can't overpower a guy with it. I have to pitch to spots. My control is good, but it's not the kind of control that's over the plate all the time. I walk a lot of guys now. But maybe I'd rather walk them than let them hit. Maybe the next guy isn't as good a hitter."

"My greatest asset as a pitcher is knowing the hitters. Ed Lopat taught me that. He had to know every batter's weakness. I watch the batters from the bench. I talk to Turner. I talk to the other pitchers."

"You take——[he mentioned the name of a right-handed batter]. The way I'd work on him, maybe, would be to start him off with a good curve. He likes to swing at my first pitch because he knows I try to get the first pitch in on him. But I know he knows that, so I try to give him something he'll go for that's not too good. So maybe I'll give him a good curve a little low, a little inside. Let's say he fouls it off. All right. One strike. Then I'd give him a fast ball in here."

He moved his hand across his chest. "I'd keep it inside," he cautioned. "I wouldn't try to hit the plate. I don't want him to hit my fast ball. I'd keep it inside, close to him. All right. One and one. Then I'd try a change, maybe, just to upset his timing a little. Say it misses. Ball two. Then maybe I'd try a fast ball right down the middle, right across the middle of the plate. He wouldn't be expecting that. All right. Two and two. Then I'd try to give him a real good curve, but everything I have on it."

He did not say whether the curve was a ball or a strike, but he sat back, contented, thinking of the real good curve.

"I'm lucky in that I can throw a curve when it's three and two. Not many pitchers can do that. They get behind, they have to come down the

middle. A pitcher like me without overpowering stuff can't just throw the ball over the plate. I have to pitch to spots. A guy like Score or Newcombe or Turley can fire the ball, and if he gets it anywhere over the plate he's tough to hit."

He mentioned the batter again.

"Of course, if it's 10-1 our favor or theirs I wouldn't work on him. Just give him good curves. I wouldn't let up, I'd throw hard, but I wouldn't work on him."

Ford talked about the Yankee pitching staff. He mentioned Kucks and how the tall right-hander had gained not only 15 pounds over the past season but a good deal more confidence in his own ability, and Sturdivant and the knuckle ball the latter has utilized so well. He discussed the other pitchers.

"I think our staff's pretty good," he said. "Just because we don't have a lot of 20-game winners, people say it isn't any good. I think it's a good staff. Most of our guys have good records. Go look at them. They talk about Cleveland all the time and their pitching staff, but last year our staff had a better earned run average than theirs did. We got a good staff."

A search of the records bore Ford out. Three of this year's disappointments—Turley, Larsen and Byrne—had a combined record on September 1 of 22 victories and 10 defeats. True, three men were doing the work of one (one like Don Newcombe, say), which is wasteful, but the work they were doing was, in retrospect, highly satisfactory.

Part of the good record of this part-time, hither-and-yon pitching staff

must stem, of course, from the hitting and fielding prowess of the Yankees' Hitting & Fielding Department, and part from the skill with which Casey Stengel manipulates his starters and his relief pitchers. But part, too, may be the result of something that Ford touched on in an impromptu discussion of tension and excitement.

"I get more nervous sitting on the bench than when I'm in the game. If I could be as good a major league first baseman as I am a pitcher—I mean, if I was bigger and I could go for the distance and all—I'd rather play first base than be a pitcher. It's tough sitting on the bench between starts. You worry about everything, whether you're going to win or lose. It's easier if you're playing. Out on the field you can do something about it. I don't get nervous when I'm going to pitch a game. No, not even when it's against a real good pitcher. You get used to it."

He lifted his voice and spoke with pride. "This club always faces the real good pitchers. Pierce, Wilson, Lemon, Score, Brewer. Everywhere. Even in Washington. We get Ramos and Stobba. You get used to it."

This, then, might be the answer to the old miracle of baseball: why an ordinary player on being traded to the Yankees turns into a superior player. He becomes used to playing against the best opposition, used to playing to the absolute limit of his own ability in order to match that opposition. The opposition then goes off and plays someone who really doesn't care, but the Yankees take on someone who does, who even on a dull, humid day in August wants desperately to beat the

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SPECTACLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARVIN NEWMAN

THE NIGHT WATCH

The nocturnal glow of baseball is vividly shown in the remarkable photographs on the next four pages. The night game is now unquestionably the backbone, the blood, the meat and potatoes of the national pastime. At the same moment (9:07 p.m., E.D.T.) as hundreds of serious bleacher fans under the gaudy center field scoreboard in Yankee Stadium stared intently at Yankee First Baseman Bill Skowron batting against White Sox Pitcher Dick Donovan, five other major league games were in progress and a sixth was due to start in less than an hour. The stands (and the till) were filled, or at least far more than they would be the next afternoon in the glare of the old-fashioned sun. It's good business, though the players dislike the irregular life.



PIGEON'S-EYE VIEW OF YANKEE STADIUM UNDERLINES IMMENSITY OF MICKEY MANTLE'S NEAR



OUT-OF-THE-PARK HOME RUN WHICH CRASHED AGAINST THE FILIGREE AT TOP OF PICTURE



PRESS BOX WRITERS IN THE MEZZANINE GO TO WORK AS FANS FILE OUT AFTER GAME

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

JIM FINNEGAN ON GOLF • WAS THE LADY HEAVYWEIGHT A BIT

LIGHT-FINGERED? • HITTERS, SPITTERS AND LEW BURDETTE •

OKLAHOMAN WITH EVERYTHIN' GOING HIS WAY • ARAGON'S ART

THE GOLF VOTE

ON HIS POLITICAL ROUNDS last week Adlai Stevenson said, "I hope my opponent has time to face some of the realities of our diminished stature in the world and lost opportunities at home. And when I speak of 'lost opportunities,' I don't mean on the putting green, either."

Headlines bloomed across the country: STEVENSON CHIDES PRESIDENT ON GOLF; "TOO MUCH PUTTING" SAYS ADLAI; STEVENSON ON GOLF.

A man from *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* asked Stevenson if he really meant to offend the country's voting-age golfers (6,300,000 of them, according to George Gallup). His reply: "I used to be something of a golfer myself, and I hope to take it up again if I find the time."

But Jim Finnegan, Adlai's campaign manager, was ready to write the golf vote off. "Listen," he said. "I got news for you. Ninety-eight percent of those people vote Republican anyway."

THE CASE OF THE FIVE BERETS

AT 27, round and red-haired Nina Ponomareva has a right arm as hard, smooth and heavily muscled as a blacksmith's; four years ago at the Olympic Games in Helsinki she became a person of consequence in the Soviet Union by throwing the discus 168 feet 8½ inches and bringing home one of Russia's two gold medals in track and field. Last week, as a result, she was privileged to drop her duties as a Soviet wife (her husband is a doctor), a Soviet mother (she has a 2-year-old son) and Soviet schoolteacher, and to travel to London, that rich and curious

capital of the heathen West, with 55 other top Russian athletes.

Nina settled into London's tourist-crammed 200-room Lancaster Court Hotel, near Hyde Park, and for five days trained for a pre-Olympic meet with England, which was to be held at White City Stadium. For five days she also savored the heady foreign air of London; the Russians ate fruit by the basketful, shoveled through bowls of yogurt, gobbled chocolate bars and, in many cases, ate steak at every meal; they also went to the movies (*Cinema Holiday*), went sightseeing and—equipped with £5 (about \$14) in pocket money—went shopping. Nina never got to White City Stadium—her battle with England took place, instead, at C. and A. Modes Limited, a cut-rate women's shop on Oxford Street.

Nina walked alone through the store's glass doors and found herself surrounded by jumbled counters full of cheap hate—fluffy wool stocking caps, feathered bands, felt flowerpots. She poked through the gaudy mass and found five cheap little berets worth a total of 12 shillings 11 pence—\$4.61. Exactly what happened after that may never officially be known, but as Nina left the store with the berets in her bag, two store detectives stopped her and accused her of shoplifting. Nina speaks no English. The store manager called Scotland Yard (for an interpreter) and the Russian Embassy. With stolid British insistence on due process of law (and in what the *Daily Express* called "a most precipitate and clumsy manner") Nina was hustled off to a

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Four Fine Days

President Eisenhower, delighted with his first two days of golf at Pebble Beach (SI, Sept. 3), decided to stay on for two more. Ike and his partners picked up once or twice on each round and therefore did not wind up with hard scores, but allowing for what he would have taken, Ike did each round in 80 to 93.

• Tradition for Sale

Belair Stud Farm, the 2,500-acre show place near Bowie, Md. which was Nashua's early home, will soon be offered for sale by the estate of the late William Woodward Jr. Unless another breeder buys it up, historic Belair, founded in 1747, may become another suburban housing development.

• For the Redlegs, Black Ink

Attendance at Cincinnati's Crosley Field passed the one million mark Aug. 31 for the first time in Redleg history, with six home dates still to be played. The Reds celebrated by giving away five automobiles to the five fans who best-guessed the number of paid admissions last Sunday afternoon.

• Louisiana: 67 Nays

Pleading that the state's new segregated-sports law will "doom" the Sugar Bowl and other major sports events, supporters offered the Louisiana legislature a proposal to allow unsegregated sports in cities over 100,000. The lawmakers considered it briefly, tabled it by a vote of 67 to 15.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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police station, charged, and released to the Russian Embassy on £5 bail.

Within hours Nina and her \$4.61 worth of hats became the basis of a curious and bitter international incident; Nina, in fact, all but wiped the Suez crisis out of London's newspapers. Russian officials tore off to the British Foreign Office to demand that the charges be retracted. They had a plausible story: that Nina, ignorant of Western ways, had paid for the hats but had not waited for a receipt and thus could not prove ownership. They insisted that the only money missing from her £5 was the exact price of the purchase. The Foreign Office could only explain that it had no jurisdiction and nothing could be done unless the store retracted its charges. This the store refused to do.

When Nina's case came up for trial before Magistrate Clyde Wilson the next morning, Nina failed to appear. A warrant was issued for her arrest. The Russians withdrew their team from the meet and the embassy (in the name of the athletes) issued a rasky worded statement: "A dirty provocation has taken place recently in London against a member of the Soviet's Athletics Team . . . this provocation was aimed at blackmailing [a] world famous sportsman." The embassy spokesman added: "Silly frameup."

The reaction in London's press was noisy and varied. The Communist *Daily Worker* struck an odd attitude: "It was the obligation of the Soviet team not to allow themselves to be provoked into any form of action that would stop the match. . . ." "Why," asked the *Daily Mirror*, "were the

case so soon. In Russia we wait for decisions before we print." The Russian athletes and trainers seemed convinced that Nina was innocent and that she was the victim of political intrigue, and showed no understanding of Western justice. Even so, Head Coach Gabriel Korobkov spoke gently. "This is a sorry blow for sports between our countries. We are not political—we, we are only a little political—and this has damaged relationships between Britain and Russia."

Meanwhile Nina was nowhere to be found. She was, it was generally felt, hidden in the Russian Embassy, although there were those who thought she had been smuggled out of England aboard a Soviet freighter. Police (who would only say that the store's detectives know their business and rarely make mistakes) watched for her at English seaports and airfields. There, at week's end, the matter stood. But no matter what happened, Nina ("Poor thing," said many an Englishwoman) would have to go home without her hats.

DOES HE OR DOESN'T HE?

WHEN Milwaukee's 17-game winner, Lew Burdette, stands on the mound, his motions are a good imitation of St. Vitus' dance in slow motion. He fingers his cap and belt, wipes his hands, brings his arm across his face, rubs his thigh, brushes sweat off his forehead and arms. To National League managers Burdette's motions (see page 48) also suggest something else—that he is loading up a spitball. Last week, the knottiest question in the league was: Does he or doesn't he?

Four managers are convinced that he does. But neither they nor their players can convince the umpires, nor can they agree on how he does it. Jackie Robinson says: "We can't catch him at it." Mayo Smith says: "It's easy to tell when he's loaded up." One critic says he "throws eight or nine a game." Another says he "throws maybe two or three a game, not enough to matter." Another says he "gets it from the sweat on his forearm." One says he gets it "when his hand goes to the peak of his cap, or to his forehead." What does the confusion prove? If Burdette throws a splitter, he is mighty clever at it.

Last week in Milwaukee, Pirate Manager Bobby Bragan ran from the dugout wailing, howling and demanding that the umpires look at the ball. Several times the umpires obliged, and when Bragan and two players

continued to be insistent they were thumbed out of the game. Burdette and the Braves went on to win another.

Burdette is enjoying the situation. "I don't throw a splitter," he says. "It's a sinker. But let them think I do. It's another pitch they have to worry about when they're hitting, and as long as they're worrying, I'm ahead."

With the help of his "worry" pitch, Lew last week had the lowest earned-run average in the majors (.239). Opponents spent so much time watching Lew's every motion that there was more than a little sentiment for legalizing the old splitter again—just so everybody can relax a bit.

But does he or doesn't he? One reflection: If Lew does, and gets caught at it, Milwaukee will lose him for a 10-day suspension in the windup of the pennant race.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF 24

FOR MICKEY MANTLE of the New York Yankees it was a busy and wonderful time. On Wednesday he hit No. 46 and drove in the winning run against Kansas City; on Friday came No. 47, with the President looking on (see page 28). In between, on Thursday, he romped and beamed through a square dance on Arthur Murray's TV show and expertly cast a plug for *I Love Mickey*, a song which is two weeks old and selling well. It was Mantle's fourth nonbaseball TV appearance of the season. Together with filmed commercials (for Viceroy's, Lifebuoy soap, Charles Antell Hair Conditioner and Batter Up pancake mix) they have netted him roughly \$15,000. But that's only the beginning.

On October 3, which happens to be opening day for the World Series, the Kraft Television Theatre will produce Mickey's life story. A 25-year-old actor, named James Olson, who bears a dim resemblance to Mantle, has been found and put to work observing the man he is to portray. But Mickey himself, and probably some of his family, will appear on the show too, in flashbacks.

The script is unfinished, because Mantle is still writing it, adding a detail or two every time he comes up to bat. If he breaks Ruth's record and drives in the pennant-winning run, so much the better for dramatic impact. If he doesn't, the Kraft people feel they can still find an affirmative ending for the story. As biographer, scriptwriter and Exhibit A, Mantle will collect (again roughly) another \$15,000.

Then there are record royalties. *I*

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Russians so stupid?" The *Daily Express* criticized English officialdom: "Everybody knows the Russians are absurdly touchy."

Among the athletes themselves, however, British and Russian alike, the chief reaction seemed to be simple sorrow. Many an English athlete, including Gordon Pirie and Chris Chataway, hurried to the Lancaster Court to commiserate with the Soviet team. Said Chataway: "It's the silliest thing I ever heard." A Russian coach said, "The team has the blues. We think the newspapers were all wrong to report



"May I help you across the street, Signora Vanucci?"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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Love Mickey is a rock 'n' roll number. Since Mantle's voice is heard on it briefly he will share in the profits. For those who can't stand rock 'n' roll, there is *The Mighty Mickey Mantle*, which has been described as a "cow-boy-type item." Its hero doesn't perform in it and will get no income from it. Both songs are expected to spurt or slump on sales charts in perfect time to Mickey's hitting. *I Love Mickey* may therefore bring in \$10,000 more.

Finally, there's Mantle's \$30,000 salary as a Yankee.

The total is \$70,000. An endorsement or two, a few more television appearances and 13 home runs will put the 24-year-old Oklahoma farm boy in the same income bracket as that other object of the nation's daily regard, the President of the United States.

ART THE GREAT

AS A RANKING prizefighter, California's Art Aragon is only No. 5 in the welterweight lists. He never has been—and probably never will be—champion. He is constitutionally unable to escape a left jab. He throws punches with the hopeless fervor of a man swatting a fly with a Kleenex. He is one of the handomest fighters in the ring—but only when the fight starts. When it ends he usually looks like something hanging off the cornice of a French cathedral. Most of his energies in the ring are devoted to hitching up his pants to keep them from falling off, even though he admitted, when asked if they had ever gone down, "Only when I went with them."

Despite the foregoing, Aragon rates as an outdoor evening attraction in California considerably above the Hollywood Bowl and only slightly below necking on the beach. And there were a rousing 14,000 fans on hand at Los Angeles' Wrigley Field last week to see Art take on a journeyman home-town lightweight named Cisco Andrade who had never been able to attract more than the members of his immediate family to his fights before. The 14,000 included virtually the whole membership of the Holmby Hills Rat Pack, from Mrs. Humphrey Bogart to Mike Romanoff, Spencer Tracy, Frank Sinatra and Leo Durocher.

As usual when Aragon fights, it was great theater. First, Art padded into the ring wearing a pair of workmen's rubbers with thick red edges. He looked as though he had come to fix the

plumbing. He was also wearing thick layers of collodion over his eyes, so that the net effect was that he looked as if he were made up for the Ballet Russe. His opponent, who came into the ring wearing a loud sports coat over his ring toga, screamed in protest over the collodion eyebrows, suggesting by implication he had come to cut Aragon, not to beat him. But Art haughtily refused to remove the make-up, an attitude which earned him a one-day suspension by the Athletic Commission but a net gain anyway because, by the fourth round, his eyes looked as though someone had broken a bottle of wine over them, even with the collodion.

It would be unfair to suggest Aragon can't fight a lick. He can—a lick. He has a soggy left hand and a brutish uppercut which should be avoided whenever possible. With Aragon it's usually possible, and a sportswriter once dubbed him the greatest artist since Willie Keeler at hitting 'em where they ain't. In order to land his punch, Art takes a painstaking stance, like a golfer lining up a championship putt. Most of his opponents are not friendly enough to wait and Art's punches are usually as harmless as Sneed's putts—way wide and long.

The Aragon-Andrade fight was a case in point. Art has always had an extraordinary capacity for absorbing punishment, and this night he also had an extraordinary opportunity. Andrade was seven pounds lighter and just that much faster. Aragon, as usual, was swinging for the fences, and

Cisco found it no trouble at all to step deftly inside the roundhouse and rock Aragon's head from side to side like a light punching bag. It wasn't until the seventh round that Aragon had sense enough to choke up his swing, but once he did that the gloves which had been soaring overhead all night began to land occasionally on the Andrade jaw. Once or twice was enough. The Holmby Hills Rat Pack, to a man behind Andrade, owned by Brother Rat Sinatra, screamed in horror as Andrade seudded to the floor in the middle of the eighth round. He got up but shouldn't have.

The fight ended in the ninth. The round was only 35 seconds old, but already Andrade had undoubtedly set the world's record for ground covered in that time. Art, whose eyes were bleeding, couldn't see him by now. But he could hear him breathing. He aimed at the noise with another left and Andrade thudded down on his face. He took a nine count, then rose slowly. Across the ring he saw Aragon dashing at him. It suddenly occurred to Andrade he wanted his gloves wiped off. Why, nobody knows. It was clear he wasn't going to be hitting Aragon with them. At any rate, he thrust them at Referee Abe Roth and the action seemed to enrage Roth almost as though it were a reflection on his professional ability. He glared at Andrade, then whirled to raise Aragon's hand in victory. Andrade couldn't believe his eyes. Aragon couldn't believe his luck. He almost ran to the corner, ducked out of the ring and into his dressing room before Roth could change his mind. When Cisco charged the referee, demanding an explanation, Roth shrugged. "You were going to lose anyway," he soothed.

As a check of the cards showed afterward (Referee Roth and one of the two judges had Aragon ahead) there was some likely truth in this observation. But members of the California Athletic Commission, at ringside, were almost as unnerved as Andrade. They suspended Roth long enough for a restudy of his call. Actually, since the blinded Aragon had been bearing down impartially on both Cisco and the referee—as if ready to kayo both of them to be sure he got the right one—Abe Roth can always plead self-defense.

In the dressing room afterward, Aragon was magnanimous. "Andrade is going to be the next lightweight champion of the world, no doubt about it," he proclaimed. What about Aragon, someone wanted to know. "I'm going to be a movie star," the winner said.



SOMETHING FISHY

Why is it fish dance
Right into his reel?
He's using, it seems,
A Virginia reel.

—RICHARD ARMOUR



AS MILWAUKEE INFELD GATHERS FOR THROW, ROBINSON ROUNDS THIRD AT TOP SPEED, IGNORES COACH HERMAN'S SIGN, HEADS FOR PLATE

ROBBY ON THE WARPATH

Brooklyn's old pros can still come up with flashes of magnificent baseball, as witness Jackie Robinson (above), ignoring his aches and creaks to score from first on a single to beat the Braves in Milwaukee. But last week, despite such occasional flashes of brilliance,

they may have lost the 1956 pennant race. It appeared that they were fighting themselves into utter exhaustion against the weakest competition (the lowly Giants and Pirates) their league could offer. For another Dodger, whose talents are their last hope, turn page

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. EDMERMAN





DON NEWCOMBE GRINLY HARKENS ALL HIS 5 FEET 4 INCHES AND EVERY OUNCE OF HIS 205 POUNDS FOR MAXIMUM POWER AND LEVERAGE AS HE PREPARES TO DELIVER FROM PITCHER'S MOUND AT EBBETS FIELD

WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

BIG NEWK ON FIREBALL HILL

This colossus of determination, whose overpowering fast ball is now far more effective than ever because he has a deceptive changeup pitch to go with it, is what National League betters will have to face in the season's decisive closing weeks. Baseball's biggest winner (22) so far, Big

Newk must win most of his eight remaining probable starts if the Dodgers are to catch the league-leading Milwaukee Braves or even finish ahead of the Cincinnati Redlegs. And he will have to win them on this very mound, since the Dodgers play 18 of their last 22 games at Ebbets Field



IKE ON THE COACHING LINE

Dwight Eisenhower, a promising young center fielder himself before he broke a knee playing football at West Point, goes out to Griffith Stadium to watch another fair center fielder (named Mantle) hit a home run, tells him (left), "I'd like to see you hit one tonight, Mickey," sees him walk and strike out before he slams his 47th, trots around bases (right)



IKE WATCHES from box behind first as Mantle tees off on pitch from Senators' Pascual in seventh for homer. A loyal Washington rooter, Ike stayed on to bitter end of Yankee victory, 6-4.



YOUNGSTERS IMITATE



AL ROSEN is here, model of Trenton's 15-year-old Jerry Krecicki. "I watched Rosen on television and then went out and practiced just the same way. It worked."



STAN MUSIAL'S coiled stance inspired fan bailing style of Tulsa's first baseman, Charley Apperson. Charley's comment is: "Yeah, I notice he bats just like I do."



ROBIN ROBERTS' two specialties, superb control and a sharp curve, are duplicated by Pensacola's Dennis Aust, whose delivery is a dead ringer for Philly pitcher's.

THE STARS



Babe Ruth teen-agers show the results of following their heroes on television

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDMUND LEE

THE SCENE is Portland, Oregon's Multnomah Stadium and the cast consists exclusively of teen-agers, but a quick glance could lead many to believe they were looking into a dugout of big-league bench jockeys (opposite) and at a lineup of such stars as Robin Roberts, Al Rosen, Stan Musial and Gil Hodges (below). For these youngsters playing in the Babe Ruth World Series—and thousands like them around the U.S.—have mastered more than the techniques of first-rate baseball. They have done their best to become action carbons of their major league heroes.

They fill their cheeks with chewing gum to simulate tobacco, spit on hands, hitch trousers, tug at caps and dig in at the plate like the real item. Studying his hero, Duke Snider, on a TV screen in Portland, made 14-year-old Outfielder Merton White a regular on his regional championship team. "The best thing I learned from watching him," says Merton, "was to keep my back elbow up high [a Snider trademark]. It lets me level into the pitch better." Last week, as baseball's junior leagues ended their seasons with world-

title playoffs, other youngsters had the same explanation as Merton for their remarkable skills (see below).

In Williamsport, Pa. the team representing Roswell, N. Mex. defeated Delaware Township, N.J. to win the championship of the Little League (boys 12 and under), with Tom Jordan Jr., son of a former major league catcher, pitching a two-hitter and hitting a homer to clinch the victory 3-1. In the Pony League (boys 13 and 14) playoff at Washington, Pa., Joliet of Illinois beat Hamtramck, Mich. 9-1 for the title after Hamtramck's Jim Bradley had pitched a no-hitter to put his team in the finals. Gloucester City, N.J. became the new champion of the V.F.W. Teener League at Hershey, Pa., while Evanston, Ill. took the Colt League title at Comiskey Park, Chicago. In the Babe Ruth League (boys 13 to 15), Trenton, N.J. beat Huntington Park, Calif. (in *dugout*, left) 1-0 for the championship. All in all, more than a half million boys in the U.S. and Canada participated in the tournaments. For a Hall of Fame member's views on baseball's future stars, turn the page.

BENCH-JOCKEYING big-league style comes from the Huntington bench in game with Chicago. Sample: "Hear you've got a stockyard in Chicago—sure can smell it!"



BOB FELLER'S style is copied by Huntington Park's Jim Weissberger. "I studied slow-motion pictures of Feller," he says, "to pick up his kick and follow-through."



MARTY MARION was seldom still, constantly shifted position and pawed at the dirt. Pensacola's Donald Gates plays infield the same way, resembles Marion physically.



DEL ENNIS' batting style is model for Pensacola's Charles Williams. At first, he resembles Gil Hodges, not purposely. "We're both right-handed—maybe that's why."

CONVERSATION PIECE

SUBJECT: ROGERS HORNSBY

Nineteen years after he last played in the majors, Hornsby is still as devoted to the game as ever. In Chicago, where he teaches kids the art of ball, he sounds off as only he can

by DOROTHY STULL

THREE HUNDRED BOYS from 8 to 11 years old sat on the grass, spell-bound, motionless (probably for the first time in their lives), eyes glued on a man in a baseball uniform who spoke to them in gentle and earnest tones of the art he loves and has given his life to: baseball. It seemed hard to believe that this man was the terrible-tempered Rogers Hornsby, but the famous name was emblazoned across his chest ("Mayor Daley Youth Foundation" was lettered across his back), and no one could mistake the hazel gimlet eyes and tanned leathery face of the player with the highest lifetime right-hand batting average (.358) in the history of the game. It was another day on the job for the 60-year-old Rajah, professor of the art of ballplaying for some 100,000 boys who frequent Chicago's parks. Officially Hornsby is director of Mayor Richard J. Daley's Youth Foundation. This time he was instructing at one of three diamonds in Horner Park, set in an oasis of green that stretched as far as you could see, one of the network of some 150 park locations that occur so miraculously in the middle of bustling Chicago.

"Now boys, don't you see, throwing is the No. 1 asset to a boy," explained the great hitter. "If you can't throw, it don't matter how good you hit or field. If you can't throw, you can't make the team. Now boys, I go all through the city of Chicago, and I find that most boys don't know how to

throw. Now Mayor Daley wants all you boys to know how to throw and hit and field the right way, and I'm going to show you how the big leaguers do it, just like you see on television.

"Of course, we're talking here about a straight ball. Not a curve or a slider. In my opinion, you're too young to try to throw these yet, you'll hurt your arm. You take the ball in two fingers.

"Most of you boys," he continued, demonstrating, "throw wrong, just in the arm, with the rear leg locked. Let the arm bring the rear leg through. There's three natural ways to throw: overhand, sidearm and underhand." He showed them how several times. "Pay attention and you'll get to try it. How about you, young fella in the red helmet, come show us how."

The boy threw, with a furious pinwheel windup. "Now you see," said Hornsby to the spectators, "he stood with his leg locked. Loosen up, fella, and let your arm bring the leg through. Let's try it again," he suggested in an encouraging tone. The kid let fly again and, although he didn't exactly have Hornsby's form, he was closer to it. The Rajah, whose blunt and cruel words had seared the baseball world, was ecstatic at the child's slight improvement. "That's it! That's it! See, boys?" he exulted.

"See, if you learn the right way some of you boys maybe'll turn out to be better than the big leaguers. Now before we talk about hitting



MAN WITH HIGHEST ONE-SEASON BATTING

and fielding, are there any questions?"

A boy asked diffidently: "How do you throw a softball?"

Hornsby laughed, but answered brusquely: "This is baseball. Next question."

"Can I have your autograph?" Hornsby smiled and explained that later he'd distribute booklets he wrote on how to play baseball and would sign those, if they wanted him to.

"What's the best kind of glove?" asked another boy.

"You get the kind you like, that's the best kind," said Hornsby with a diplomacy that would have surprised the adult baseball world.



AVERAGE IN MODERN BASEBALL HISTORY (.421) GIVES TIPS ON BUNTING TO YOUNG JERRY MACIKAN AT A PARK ON SOUTH SIDE OF CHICAGO

"Will Milwaukee take the pennant?" came an anxious question.

Hornsby answered fervently: "I hope so, and the Yankees have practically got it sewed up. The Yankees have the best team today."

"Now boys," Hornsby said, "you should catch with the glove under the ball and your bare hand over it. Meet every boy uses one hand. That's not good. Now for ground balls, take the fielding position with hands on knees [he did]. Keep your weight balanced so you can shift fast. Don't let the ball roll to you, go in and get it on a hop. Give with the ball as you catch it, don't shove it away from you.

Field all balls in between the legs."

A boy asked: "Shouldn't you keep your legs together? My friend—he's a real good player—said so."

"No," Hornsby explained patiently. "Field with the legs apart for balance. Every boy has his idea of how to do things, but we're trying to teach you the right way. This is the ABC fundamentals of baseball. Always hold your glove under the ball; that way, you see, boys, there's less chance of its dropping out."

A boy shyly asked, "Won't the ball hit you that way?"

"Now I'm glad that came up, boys," answered Hornsby, "because if you're

going to play ball, you can't be afraid of getting hit. You're not going to if you keep your eye on the ball." The timid boy seemed convinced.

The Rajah saved his favorite subject for last. "Want to talk about hitting?" he said finally. A chorus of cheers greeted his suggestion, and the boys ran after him and crowded into the batting cage to watch him hit.

"Now boys," he began, "you walk into the batter's box and take a natural position, any position that's comfortable, but don't have one foot forward and one backward. Have the weight evenly balanced. Be sure your

continued on next page

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arms are away from the body. Now drop the bat back even with your shoulders in the batting position, with the weight on the rear leg. Now pay attention, boys, because I led the National League seven times, my lifetime average is .358 and I played 154 games every year [a slight exaggeration]. It's the timing, the break of the wrists and the follow-through that counts. [He swung.] All records are made to be broken, and you boys might become greater hitters than any one of your heroes. I don't think Mantle will break Ruth's record, but that's just my opinion. To bunt, face the pitcher, slip your lead hand just below the trademark, using only the first finger and thumb of the lead hand. By having the bat out in front of the plate, you'll always hit it fair."

After the hitting practice, Hornsby got the boys lined up to catch flies he hit to them. "Get 'em running in," he yelled to a boy who stood motionless waiting for the ball to reach him. "Catch it on the first hop. Try once more, then let the other boys. Do it turnabout." After several boys didn't seem able to run, Hornsby dropped the bat and walked out to them.

"Say, fellas," he said, "you gotta run real fast like this," and he ran briskly after an imaginary fly. They nodded, and he returned to his batting position.

Sooner than either the teacher or the pupils wished, baseball school was over for the day and Hornsby and the other men started handing out the Seven-Up booklets *How to Play Baseball* by Rogers Hornsby. Each boy quickly folded back the cover to the inside where the Hall of Fame plaque with Hornsby's face and deeds was reproduced.

"Sign here, Rog," they begged. He laughed and looked pleased. Somebody handed him a pencil, but he insisted on a pen.

Some of them asked him to sign their gloves, and one little girl backed up and asked Hornsby to autograph the back of her shirt. "These kids are impossible!" exploded one of the men, but Hornsby said: "That's all right, now. You're only a kid once."

Finally the last booklet and glove were signed, and the children began drifting away.

With a tired sigh, Hornsby walked slowly toward his car, reluctant to leave for the day the world of baseball he had precariously clung to after he last played major league ball as



ROUNDHOUSE THROW is delivered by earnest young fielder, grimacing with fierce determination as he tries to follow instructions of benignly watching Teacher Hornsby.

player-manager with the old St. Louis Browns in 1937. He seemed to be through in the majors then; but he stayed with the game in the minors, drifting in and out of managerial posts until 1945 when he undertook a teaching program for Chicago youngsters similar to the one he directs today. The minor leagues got him again in 1950, and two years later he was up in the big leagues again, as manager of the Browns. But he had not learned to curb his tactless tongue, and he was dismissed in midseason. Cincinnati then took him on as manager for a brief spell that ended in 1953. Two years later he started his present job, directing the Mayor Daley Youth Foundation at \$15,000 a year, probably the most placid occupation he has ever had.

CLOSE CALL

As he started talking about his present job on the drive back to the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Hornsby was so interested in what he was saying that the car came dangerously close to colliding with a truck. His famous rage boiled over. "Did you see that fella, now," he yelled indignantly, "what he was doing?"

"Well, as I was saying, the idea, don't you see, of the mayor's program is that the more boys keep busy, the less trouble they get into. Kids playing ball won't be hanging around on corners, won't be in taverns. (Now, I never drank or smoked in my life and I'm too old to start now.) But it's a stren-

uous job. By the time I do two hours of instruction I'm worn out, and I have to travel about 50 miles a day to get to the different parks. But the kids don't know the right way to play. They jump up and catch with one hand because they see the big leaguers do it. But professionals only do it when they can't do anything else and, of course, the kids don't know that. The TV commentators got the kids all excited, saying 'a sen-say-shenul catch.' I guess that's what they call color, but professional players don't pay any attention. Commentators say, 'going, going, gone,' and it's just a little pop fly.

"Kids today," he said, "are just as interested in baseball as they ever were, if there's a drawing card. But you got to have a name they admire. I'm not just speaking egotistically, but just anybody can't get them to turn out. When I was a kid we didn't have anything but baseball. Today you need a baseball program because there's so much to distract kids. Having someone in uniform out playing with them makes all the difference. My young son, Billy, played pro ball [a White Sox farm club] but he didn't put out enough. My older brother played pro ball, and my mother made my first uniform.

"What does baseball do for a kid? Why, you get more exercise out of baseball—if you play it right—than anything else. But like any other game, you can play it wrong and just stand around. It teaches kids self-discipline,

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**Trotting's long-deferred cleanup gets fresh
impetus, as two letters are delivered and**

WAR IS DECLARED

LAURENCE BAKER SHEPPARD of Hanover, Pa. is a lean, large-eared 58-year-old whose face has the color and skin the consistency of old saddle leather. This is entirely appropriate for a man who has been a horseman all his life, president of the U.S. Trotting Association for six years and who owns the Hanover Shoe Farm, largest horse breeding farm in the country.

Sheppard is also president of the \$12-million-asset Hanover Shoe manufacturing and retailing company and a man of immense patience, a trait undoubtedly developed in long hours of trying to persuade a restive colt to trot instead of run. The other day, after considering the matter for two years, Sheppard threw patience out the window and started a war. With battle lines already sharply drawn, it is a conflict that, before it runs its course, will involve several state governments and everyone else connected with this fast-growing, billion-dollar sport of harness racing.

Sheppard's opening gun consisted of two letters to George P. Monaghan, New York State Harness Racing Commissioner, in which he asked what action had been taken toward eliminating seven "undesirables" from the list of stockholders of Roosevelt, Yonkers and Batavia Downs raceways, three of the largest trotting tracks in the country. The term "undesirables" was not Sheppard's. Three years ago, a so-called Moreland Commission, appointed by then Governor Tom Dewey, had investigated New York's trotting tracks and found that a considerable number of stockholders and officials (including the seven) were ex-convicts, professional gamblers or had acquired their stock under questionable circumstances. The commission uncovered a great deal more it felt was wrong with the operation of the tracks and submitted a long list of recommendations for corrective action before it went out of business. George Monaghan, as a member of the commission, had con-

curring in the unanimous vote for the recommendations. And what Lawrence Sheppard wanted to know was what had been done about them—with special reference to the seven undesirable stockholders.

In a sense Sheppard's letters were largely rhetorical. Each year, when the tracks submit applications for licenses to the U.S. Trotting Association, they must list their officers and stockholders, so Sheppard knew very well that all seven still held their official positions and still owned their stock. He now obviously wanted others to know.

For George Monaghan, the questions were not rhetorical; he had to answer them.

His answers:

1) Forcing the undesirables to sell

their stock involved tricky legal questions which he had been working on for two years.

2) In making his decisions to allow two of the undesirables to stay in harness racing, he had consulted with his former Moreland Commission colleagues and they had agreed that "justice was done."

On the first point, State Attorney General Jack Javits (who would normally be consulted on legal questions involving state agencies) claimed that Monaghan had never sought his advice until Sheppard's letters were released to the press.

On the second, the three other former Moreland commissioners told **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** they had not concurred in Monaghan's decisions.

As the New York press, which had had a field day with the previous scandals, began running headlines like **TRACK BAN DEFT BY RACKETEERS**, Governor Averell Harriman stepped in with a request to Monaghan that he furnish a full accounting of his stewardship. It was a moot point whether Monaghan had indeed been zealous in attempting to rid the tracks of questionable stockholders, but his record as commissioner includes some highly creditable accomplishments along similar lines, especially for a man who

continued on next page



LAWRENCE B. SHEPPARD, president of Trotting Association, accused New York Commissioner George Monaghan of failing to rid tracks of "undesirable" stockholders.

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HARNESS RACING

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admittedly knew nothing at all about harness racing before he took the job. He had dissolved an interlocking corporate empire which for years had monopolized trotting in New York. He had set up a system of fingerprinting and investigation of all applicants for licenses under which literally hundreds of unsavory characters had been denied participation in the sport. He had moved vigorously, if not always wisely, on the few occasions when allegations of race-fixing had been brought to his attention.

All of these, however, would not help him with a state administration sensitive to newspaper charges of "racketeering," and Lawrence Sheppard was meanwhile prepared to open fire on an-

track tout and suspected bookie, and a police record that includes arrests for petit larceny, pocketpicking and vagrancy. The 23% of Batavia's stock that Marra owns was a gift to him from Provenzano. Another big stockholder and director of the track is Harold Wishman who, with his brother Jack (an original Batavia investor), owns a cigar store in nearby Rochester where they have been arrested a total of 15 times (Harold three, Jack 12) for keeping slot machines and punch boards, handling lottery slips (numbers) and other gambling devices.

The situation at Batavia is completely unlike that at Yonkers and Roosevelt, where so-called undesirables have nothing whatever to do with track management. This may be the reason why the quality of racing at Batavia also suffers miserably by comparison.



JAMES O. MARRA is Batavia V.P. despite his background as tout and gambler.



HAROLD WISHMAN, Batavia director, has record of arrests for gambling devices.

other front—the management and conduct of racing at Batavia Downs, midway between Rochester and Buffalo in upstate New York.

The president of Batavia Downs is Pat Provenzano, a self-admitted large-stakes bettor who for years drew over \$8,000 from the state as assistant secretary of the Senate and \$25,000 from the track at the same time. To buy control of Batavia, Provenzano borrowed the money he needed from four men, three of whom were either bookies, convicted operators of illegal gambling establishments or had other types of police records—and all of whom either were, or still are, stockholders in the track. The executive vice-president and a large stockholder is James O. Marra, whose presence the Moreland Commission deemed inimical to the sport because of his background as race

For years now, a clique of drivers and bookmakers have been setting up races there and cashing in on betting coups. Since it is unimportant which horse wins a particular race, they will often fix it for a driver who isn't in on the scheme at all. As one such "outside" driver put it recently: "I've driven in races and won, and afterward some of the other drivers will say to me, 'You didn't know it was your turn to win tonight, did you?'" One high USTA official has told of sitting in the stands and watching one of his own horses shoed in a race he would not have won otherwise.

Last fall, after he had been commissioner for two full seasons and had frequently characterized Batavia's management as being devoted to clean racing, George Monaghan decided it was time to do something about Batavia.

Heralded by a fanfare of press releases, he headed a task force upstate that created a good deal of fuss and accomplished practically nothing so far as the conduct of the racing was concerned. He suspended the license of one horse owner who was not a part of the clique described above and left the general situation exactly as he had found it.

Since honest horsemen have been complaining about the situation for years, Lawrence Sheppard's USTA and George Monaghan's Racing Commission must share responsibility for Batavia's plight. Instead of joining forces to clean it up, they have aimed charges at each other—Monaghan implying that the USTA had tolerated suspicious goings-on at Batavia for a long time (true) and the USTA accusing Monaghan of whitewashing the track's management (also true).



PAT PROVENZANO, Batavia president, got money for stock from shady sources.

Behind the headline charges which have forced track owners to take sides with Monaghan, and horsemen to line up with Sheppard, is an all-out struggle for ultimate control of harness racing. Since its organization in 1938, the USTA has been the sport's nationwide ruling body, licensing participants, judges and tracks and disciplining its members. Monaghan makes no bones about his plan to strip from the USTA all of its administrative functions and reduce it to the status of a stud-book and record-keeping agency. If he succeeds in this in New York, the same battle will undoubtedly be fought out in all of the 11 other states which have pari-mutuel betting on trotting. Already repercussions have been felt in Illinois, which has now (SI, Aug. 20) fallen heir to the rich Hambletonian

continued on next page



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HARNESS RACING

continued from page 39

Stakes, trotting's most important annual event. E. Roland Harriman, the New York governor's younger brother and president of the Hambletonian Society, has announced that the race will be moved to Du Quoin because of "the unsatisfactory conditions under which harness racing is being administered in New York at the present time"—a statement aimed squarely at George Monaghan.

The administration of harness racing in Illinois, however, is itself ripe for investigation. Back in 1951, acting on a tip from the Kefauver crime committee, a Chicago newspaper disclosed that nine state legislators were large stockholders in Chicago Downs raceway, which had been organized by an ex-convict who had served a sentence for grand larceny. The same nine had been influential in passage of legislation which paved the way for the raceway to get its license and a monopoly on choice summer racing dates. They had purchased their stock for 10¢ a share, subsequently earning phenomenal dividends. Through the front-page scandal that followed, everyone concerned had simply sat tight and done nothing. A recent survey by *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* reveals that practically all the legislators and the 30-odd other

stockholders who were state officials of varying prominence are still collecting dividends on their dime-store investments. The Illinois Harness Racing Commission, consisting of three businessmen who can only give part-time service to their unsalaried jobs, has neither the personnel nor the funds to supervise the sport adequately. What this means was succinctly described last year by one commissioner: "Harness racing in the past seven years here has been simply a matter of do what you want."

In all of the intrasport wrangling and newspaper comment, one key fact has been overlooked almost completely. Big-time harness racing flourishes today because the U.S. public bets close to a half billion dollars on the trotters and pacers each year. To make this possible, the various state governments have passed legislation exempting betting on horse racing from their antigambling statutes. Any other form of gambling is a crime, with stiff penalties. There has always been—and undoubtedly always will be—a considerable number of Americans who do not approve of legalized gambling. And each time the racing interests permit their sport to deteriorate to scandalous proportions or air their family squabbles in print, the antigambling groups renew their efforts to abolish pari-mutuel betting.



GEORGE MONAGHAN, New York Harness Racing Commissioner and former N.Y. City Police Commissioner, must defend his record in office to Governor Averell Harriman.

It is not necessary to pass on the merits of legalized gambling to realize that the end of pari-mutuel betting would mean the virtual collapse of harness racing, a sport which has endured and grown in this country for more than 150 years and is just now approaching major league status. All of trotting's dissident groups would be well advised first to compose their differences and then work together to foster the public confidence which alone supports the sport. Any other course could, in the long run, prove fatal.

As indicated here previously (SI, July 23) this has been a remarkably successful year for fillies at both paces in the 3-year-old class, with Belle Acton still dominating the pacers and Egyptian Princess now rounding into the form that established her the pre-season favorite among trotters. Last week another filly—this time a 2-year-old—accomplished one of the most amazing feats in harness history. Good Counsel, a bay filly by Good Time-Princess Counsel, won the first heat of the Poplar Hill Farm Filly Stake at the Du Quoin Fair by 13½ lengths in 1:58 1/5. By pacing her mile in this time she:

1) Became the fastest 2-year-old of all time—trotter or pacer, colt, filly or gelding, either in a race or against the clock.

2) Lowered the world record for a pacing mare (or filly) of any age, the previous record having been set in 1918. This is the first time that a 2-year-old has ever held one of harness racing's all-age records.

3) Lowered seven other world records for both sexes (single heats, two-heats, time trials, races).

Good Counsel is owned and bred by the Castleton Farm of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Lennep in Lexington, Ky. For Mrs. Van Lennep (the former Frances Dodge) Good Counsel's performance even surpassed in thrills the string of victories racked up by her famed show horse Wing Commander. The filly is in the first crop of pacers by Good Time (Little Brown Jug winner, 1949) to reach the races. Good Time will be sold at auction this fall as part of the estate of the late W. H. Cane, and the Van Lenneps have the right to match the top auction price within a week. After Good Counsel's achievement at Du Quoin, it is a virtual certainty that the Van Lenneps will exercise their prerogative and many more Good Time offspring will eventually race under Castleton colors. (END)

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OUTDOORS

by JOHN O'REILLY

**The St. Lawrence gets a face lifting to help trade
and industry, but sportsmen and wildlife will also**

PROFIT FROM POWER

THOUSANDS of men and machines are now at work changing the shape of a 40-mile stretch of the St. Lawrence River Valley. The stream, one of the largest rivers on the continent, is being pushed around as though it were a village brook. The adjacent landscape is being shunted about to such an extent that residents of the area hardly recognize the place if they are away for only a month or two.

All this, of course, is in the interest of power and transportation. But outdoor enthusiasts, ranging from fishermen to sightseeing tourists, are apprehensive over what is being done to the beautiful river. Their attitude is somewhat like that of the GI who was found fishing in a water-filled shell hole behind the lines in France. The GI was, no doubt, in full accord with the national effort, yet, at the same time, he was not going to be deprived of his favorite sport.

The St. Lawrence Power Project, a joint undertaking of New York State and the province of Ontario involving the expenditure of \$600 million, is a system of dams and dikes controlling the mighty river so it will produce

1,880,000 kilowatts of electric power. This will make it second only to Grand Coulee Dam on the Columbia River, the world's largest hydroelectric power producing plant. At the same time, but as a separate project, the governments of the U.S. and Canada are building the St. Lawrence Seaway to carry ocean ships into the Great Lakes.

As residents of the valley and visitors from over the country watch the machines raise mountains of spoil and dig canyons backed by towering walls of concrete, they wonder whether this means the end of the region as a great recreation center and scenic attraction. There are too many big projects in this country where the retreating machines left mountain ranges of raw earth, lakes full of dead trees, and polluted streams.

A pledge that this will not happen on the St. Lawrence was given recently by Robert Moses, chairman of the New York State Power Authority. On an inspection tour the other day, Mr. Moses explained that from the beginning plans for the huge project have included not only the cleaning up and reforestation of the miles of dikes and mountain ranges of spoil but also the

addition of a new state park, a large wildlife management area and facilities to aid fishing, boating, swimming and other forms of outdoor recreation.

"When this project is completed," Mr. Moses said, "the area will be a better place for wildlife and for human enjoyment than it was before the project started."

This promise comes from the country's outstanding park authority. Mr. Moses prides himself on having built more than 500 playgrounds. He is the man who built the popular Jones Beach on Long Island when those who opposed it said people would never make the long trip out there. Other state parks, parkways and wildlife refuges have been created under his direction.

FISHING DILEMMA

Driving through the St. Lawrence construction area, Mr. Moses stopped now and again at some vantage point to describe how the place would appear after the dams are built and the countryside is again covered with greenery. As we talked, workmen swarmed over the great monoliths of concrete rising behind cofferdams. Massive trucks hauled earth from steadily deepening pits, and odd machines contributed to the uproar.

Construction of the dams is scheduled to be completed and the first power produced in September 1958. By that time the Barnhart Island Dam and Power Plant, a structure 3,300 feet long, and the Long Sault (pronounced soo) Dam, 2,960 feet long, will have raised the river 90 feet to create a lake 30 miles long and up to two and a half miles wide. Only the higher parts of



big islands in the river will remain as smaller islands.

Fishermen are awaiting the creation of the main lake with great hopes. They have held discussions with members of the Power Authority on whether it would be better to stock the lake or let nature take its course. The fishing history of other large man-made lakes has been that the fish increase rapidly from the beginning, and by the third year the fishing becomes terrific. This superabundance continues for four years or so, and then the fish population drops back to a normal level.

Mr. Moses explained that along the lake there would be boat-launching places for fishermen who come hauling their boats on trailers. One ardent St. Lawrence fisherman listened to the plans but still shook his head.

"I just don't know what we're going to do when this thing is built," he said. "What do you mean?" he was asked. "We're used to fishing swift water," he said. "Don't know anything else. There'll be still water in this big lake."

William H. Latham, the project's resident engineer, brought out plans for the 2,000-acre wildlife management area along the southern shore of the lake near Wilson Hill, N.Y. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the New York State Conservation Department have been cooperating with the Power Authority in planning this particular phase of the project, which came about as a happy solution to an engineering problem.

When the power reservoir is filled, much of the low-lying land in this vicinity will be inundated to a depth of



INSTEAD OF mountain ranges of raw earth, conservation and recreation facilities will be the results of the St. Lawrence Power Project, scheduled for completion in two years. Upper drawing shows 30-mile, island-dotted lake which will be created by big dams. Shaded area at left includes 2,000-

acre wildlife management area. At right is new state park, also about 2,000 acres, which will be bordered by seaway carrying ocean ships to the Great Lakes. Smaller drawing portrays St. Lawrence River as it was before construction started on this \$600 million international electrical project.

only a few feet. If the water in the lake dropped as much as seven feet it would leave this area exposed as a vast expanse of mud flats, unsightly, offensive and unsuitable for wildlife. To eliminate these mud flats and to maintain a controlled water level in this area, the plans call for a series of low earth dikes. Pipe culverts equipped with counter-weighted flap-gates will permit the water to flow into the wildlife marsh when the lake rises and keep it there when the lake recedes. This will result in a permanent shallow lake with depths to 15 feet. There will be large expanses of marsh suitable for migrating and nesting waterfowl. The deeper parts would remain as open water and provide good fishing, especially for black bass and pan fish.

Conservationists in general are interested in this phase of the project because it comes at a time when the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and other conservation organizations are concerned over the draining of marshes.

To have a power project result in the creation of such a wildlife habitat is something of a novelty.

Another 2,000 acres dedicated to sport, recreation and beauty will be included in the new state park to be created in the vicinity of the power dam and near Massena, N.Y. There will be a large bathing beach and facilities for boating, picnicking and camping. It will be called the St. Lawrence State Park, and along one edge of it will run the Long Sault Canal, a link in the St. Lawrence Seaway. Picnicking groups will be able to lounge in the shade while watching the ships go by.

The seaway, which will replace the existing smaller canal, also is of interest to conservationists. Fishermen have a scheme for using it to help eradicate the lamprey eel menace in the Great Lakes. These eels have been killing the fish to such an extent that total war has been declared against them.

continued on next page

continued from page 45

APPENDIX 1

3-Roland Meel, 2am McHugh, 4-1 N.P. 15-ter, 1 N.P., 22, 24-donors by Aug. 20-Robert Phillips Black Star, 26-1 N.P., Robert Phillips Black Star, 30-32-A-Blast Shy, 37-John G Zimmerman, 38, 39-1 P. G. 40-A.P., 45-ter, Greater New York Arts, Hans Knopf, L.P. Barnes, U.P., U.N.P. Hans Knopf, P. 46, 47-Acc, 1 N.P., A.P. 48-Acc, A.P. George S. L.P., P. 48-Acc, 1 N.P., 32-ter, New York Press, Fred D. H. 49-Acc, 37-Greater New York Arts, 38-Murphy, P. 49-Acc, 40-George Schmalz, 44-Artists Shy 49-donors by James Conway, 72-Bob Brooks, 73-Joe Katal, 77-P. G. 78-Acc, 79-Acc.

Robert Bruce

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...

RECORD BREAKERS

Good Counsel. Castleton Farm's bay filly, stepped off mile in 1:58 1/5, two heats in 3:58 3/5 (Aug. 27), best ever by 2-year-old pacer, to break two world harness records at Du Quoin, Ill. (see page 37).

Souped-up hot rods and motorcycles roared across Bonneville Salt Flats in week-long assault on world speed records, brought down 31 in runs over two-way mile course. Fastest speed: 213.191 mph by Ernie Innes of Phoenix, Ariz. in Class D Lakester.

BASEBALL

Milwaukee, continuing to play its game as National League season headed into last month, took five in row from Pittsburgh and St. Louis as Warren Spahn won his 199th game, used unexpected assist from New York to move 3 1/2 games ahead of hard-pressed Brooklyn and rallying Cincinnati at week's end. Giants, loosened up after losing three to Brooklyn, came back to stun Dodgers with sweep of Sunday double-header 2-1, 4-1. Cincinnati, fired up by home run hitting of Rookie Frank Robinson and Ed Bailey, old pro pitching of Joe Nuxhall, got back into race with five straight over New York and Chicago.

Mickey Mantle's run at Babe Ruth's home run record was big news in American League as New York Yankees finished week with 7 1/2-game lead over Cleveland. President Eisenhower, intrigued by slugger's power, came out to watch Yankees play Washington (see page 28), was rewarded



Francis Skiddy Van Stade, longtime Saratoga president, was honored by GNYA for his "devotion to . . . Thoroughbred racing . . . a character compounded of sound knowledge, calm thoughtfulness and unblemished integrity."



Mimi Arnold, pretty 17-year-old from Redwood City, polished off Mary Ann Mitchell 9-7, 6-4 at Philadelphia to give California 11th straight U.S. girls' tennis title, moved on to Forest Hills to try her racket at nationals.

with Mickey's 47th as Yankees won 6-4. But it was unheralded Senator Outfielder Jim Lemon who stole spotlight by blasting three in same game (two days later he fanned twice, set new American League record of 123 strikeouts). Mantle went hitless in next two games as Washington won 4-3, 4-3. Cleveland split four with Chicago but had little hope of catching Yankees.

BOXING

Ari Aragon, cocky welterweight who has parlayed controversy into fame and fortune, had rough time for seven rounds, finally found target in eighth and ninth to floor Lightweight Chico Andrade, was awarded TKO when Referee Abe Roth (later suspended by California State Athletic Commission) unexpectedly stopped fight in ninth at Los Angeles (see page 24).

Spider Webb, once-beaten but unranked middleweight, used his nimbleness to withstand best shots of previously unbeaten (in 23 straight) Rory Calhoun, came away with upset 10-round decision at Chicago.

Bernabe (Baby) Vasquez, pint-sized Mexican who gave up fighting bulls to try his luck with humans, caught Philadelphia's Jimmy Sca with lethal combination in sixth, won by TKO to end 33-bout winning streak at Washington.

Ed Hints, Chicago banker-boxing judge whose vote helped Johnny Saxton take mid-levelweight title from Carmen Basile and who had explained, "I'm stupid but honest" when he became embroiled in Illinois banking scandal, pleaded guilty in Spring-

field to charges he had conspired to defraud state of \$437,000. The sentence: one to three years at Joliet and \$3,000 fine to go along with three-year federal penalty.

RUGBY

New Zealand upset South Africa 11-5 before 60,000, largest crowd ever, at Auckland for third victory in four matches to win Rugby Union test and unofficial world title. Defeat was first in test series in 69 years for South Africa's Springboks.

CRICKET

England, beaten only once by Australia in four earlier matches, played to draw in rain-plagued final test at London to retain The Ashes as Cricketer Dennis Compton brought total runs to 3,963, breaking Sir Len Hutton's former record by 33.

GOLF

Bob Rosburg, nearsighted young San Franciscan, finished in 254 tie with veteran Ed Furgat after 72 holes, calmly parred first hole of sudden-death playoff to take Motor City Open at Detroit when opponent flubbed six-foot putt for bogey.

AUTO RACING

Britain's Stirling Moss pushed his Maserati around fast Monza track at record 128.656 mph to edge Juan Manuel Fangio by mere seconds in Grand Prix of Europe, but Fangio, who took over wheel of teammate Peter Collins' car when forced to

continued on next page

FOCUS ON THE DEED



LIMBERING up his big game in bid for tennis grand slam, New Lead serves in his opening match of Nationals at Forest Hills.



RETURNING a cross-court volley, title-minded Althea Gibson (left) scores point in first-round win over Mrs. Nell Hopman.



DISPLAYING good form, Heather Brewer, Bermuda's answer to Gussie Moran, gets off left-handed serve at Forest Hills.

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SCOREBOARD



Mike McCormick, strong-armed 17-year-old left-hander who turned in amazing high school and American Legion pitching record (33-8) around Alhambra, Calif., became New York Giants' latest bonus baby. His inducement: \$45,000.



Jo Anne Gundersen, outdoorsy-looking Seattle schoolgirl, ran off string of three birdies and six pars on first nine holes, stayed comfortably ahead of Clifford Ann Creed to win 4 and 3 for U.S. girls' junior golf title at Toledo.

abandon own Ferrari on 20th lap because of tire trouble, earned enough points to win fourth world title (see page 52).

Donald Healey, 53-year-old British racer and motor executive who realized life-long ambition when he drove streamlined Austin-Healey at 205.96 mph over Bonneville Salt Flats, called for England full of hope for future. "Wizard of Warwick" promised to return next year to try to "crack 300 mph."

BOATING

Miss Pepsi, with Chuck Thompson at wheel, was named winner of Gold Cup at Detroit after **Miss Thriftway** was disqualified for hitting buoy in final heat. Decision brought loud protest, put final word up to 16-man ABFA Inboard Racing Commission (see page 51). Runner-up: Lieut. Colonel Russell Schleich in **Shanty I**, winner over Canada's **Miss Supertest II** for Harnsworth Trophy earlier in week.

Seattle's Cortathia Yacht Club skipper sailed their Y-class boat to flat-footed point tie with St. Petersburg (Fla.) Yacht Club in four-day regatta at Montreal, won North American junior sailing championship and Sears Trophy on basis of taking three second places to one for rivals.

HORSE RACING

Greek Game, Fred Hooper's strapping brown colt, made spirited but futile run at Rex Ellsworth's favored California Kid to come off second best by neck but was declared winner of \$143,510 Washington Park

Futurity for 2-year-olds when stewards disqualified California Kid for bumping in roughhouse stretch duel (see page 53).

King Halkan, Florida-based 2-year-old, responded to Eddie Arcaro's lusty whipping, held on to win by length and quarter in 6 1/4-furlong \$70,100 Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga Springs, N.Y. (see page 57).

OLYMPIC TRIALS

John C. Forman, U.S. Border Patrolman from El Paso, and **John H. Beaumont**, Air National Guard employee from Honolulu, were latest to qualify for Olympic squad, winning berths on rapid-fire pistol team in trials at Camp Perry, Ohio.

MILEPOSTS

HONORED—Tommy Loughran, Jimmy McLarnia, Barney Ross and Tony Canzone, among greatest modern champions; the late **Jim Driscoll**, **George Dixon** and **Peter Jackson**, who fought at turn of century; elected to Boxing's Hall of Fame.

MARRIAGE REVEALED—By **Floyd Patterson**, 21, quick-hitting No. 2 contender soon to fight Archie Moore for heavyweight title; and **Sandra Elizabeth Hicks**, 18; after secret ceremony at Windsor, Conn. on July 12.

DIED—Mike Gibbons, 69, crafty middleweight boxer of early 1920s, known as "phantom" of ring for cleverness and speed aloft, member of Minnesota State Boxing Commission; of heart attack, at St. Paul.



COCKING ARM, Boston's raging Sammie White lets go with toes into center field, setting stage for rhubarb at Fenway Park.



LOADING UP? This action, by Milwaukee's dignify Lew Burdette in Dodger game, has prompted opponents to yell "spitball."



Capt. Manuel J. Fernandez Jr. of Apple Valley, Calif., Korean war hero, zoomed his P-100C Super Sabre jet 1,120 miles from George AFB, Calif. to Oklahoma City at record speed of 666-661 mph to win Bendix Trophy Race.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

MATSKILL TEAGUE, Dayton, Ohio, USAF 100-m. oval championship stock car race, in 1:16.45 (track record), in 1956 Chevrolet, DuQuoin, Ill.

BASKETBALL

JOLIE, Ill., over Northbrook, Wash., 5-1, Pony League World Series Washington, Pa.
SWANSON, Ill., over Austin, Texas, 5-1, Golf League World Series, Chicago

BOATING

BENDWIN, skippered by Bob Prihman, Houston, Conn., 4-0, 1000 Class trials, with 152 1/4 pts., Casino Island, N.Y.

SNOWY, skippered by John Adams, Fleet 9C, Marine Boat Challenge Cup, with 35 pts., Maryland, Mass.

BOXING

JOE ESKRINE, 15-round decision over Johnny Williams, for British heavyweight title, Cardiff, Wales
JOEY GARDELLO, 9-round TKO over Jim Buzza, middleweight, Miami Beach
CHARLIE TOSCANO, 6-round TKO over Jesse Tanner, middleweight, New Orleans

DRIVING

CAROL COLLINS, Miami, Fla., 3-miler AAA, 8:00 p.m. championship, with 54 1/2 pts., Annapolis.

GOF

BOB BOUGHNER, Los Angeles, Beirut with jr. championship, with 274 for 72 holes, Chicago
LEWIS, DON ALBERT, Camp Lejeune, N.C., interservice title, with 255 for 72 holes, Egan AFB, Ill.
THOMAS C. ROBBINS, New York, N.Y., American title, with 273, Toronto, Canada title, U.S.

HORSE RACING

KING GRAIL, \$21,000 Vantage Turf Handicap, 1 m., by 1 1/2 lengths, in 1:35, Atlantic City Bay Meadows sp.
BOUNTY BAY, \$25,041 Oak War Derby, 1 1/4 m., in 1:46, Del Mar, Cal., 1 1/8 ahead up
THINKING CAP, \$75,250 Merchants & Citizens Handicap, 1 1/4 m., by 2 1/4 lengths, in 2:02 4/5, Salsburg Springs, N.Y. Paul Bailey sp.

SHOOTING

PIL JOHN HURST, Los Angeles, I.H.E. English Combat match, with 55 pts., Toledo State 100, Hamilton, Ohio



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A Seattle hydro roared home first in the Gold Cup
but then officials stepped in, and the affair became a

DETROIT DEBACLE

COVERED with grime, Bill Muncey bounced out on the orange deck of *Miss Thriftway* and did a happy jig. "By golly," shouted the husky driver as his big hydroplane swung into its pit, "by golly, it's about time." On shore Owner Willard Rhodes and Ted Jones, the designer of *Miss Thriftway*, gleefully pounded each other on the back like a couple of happy schoolboys. "We've got it," cried Rhodes. "We've got it right back in our mitts."

At that moment last week nearly every one of the thousands who lined the Detroit River thought that Rhodes, a Seattle grocery king, had closed his mitts firmly around the biggest "5" in powerboat racing: the Gold Cup. His *Miss Thriftway* had just won the final and deciding heat and seemingly had fashioned suitable revenge for his disappointment a summer ago when, after *Miss Thriftway* had apparently won the Gold Cup on Lake Washington, the judges gave the race to *Gale V*, owned by Detroit Joe Schoenish (SI, Aug. 15, 1955).

Still laughing, Rhodes, Jones and Muncey piled into a motor launch and headed upstream for the winner's circle by the judges' stand. But as they pulled up, the loudspeaker blurted some sudden, bitter news: the judges had disqualified *Miss Thriftway* for hitting a buoy—the Gold Cup would go to the second-ranking boat, *Miss Pepsi* of Detroit. Bellowing with rage, Muncey didn't bother to use the stairs to get to the judges; he swung agilely up the rail framework of the stand. "I didn't touch a buoy," he shouted. "Every time I do something good they throw a fly into it."

As Chuck Thompson, the gnarled, grizzled veteran driver of *Miss Pepsi*, was tossed triumphantly into the murky Detroit River, Muncey, Rhodes and Jones decided to toss a fly into the laps of the judges. Rhodes dictated a protest to a Seattle reporter. The gist of Rhodes's complaint: *Miss Pepsi*, not *Miss Thriftway*, had hit the buoy, and he had 200 witnesses to prove it. Then

up stepped Jones to dictate a protest that his earlier beef that *Miss Pepsi* had cut a buoy in the second heat had been disregarded by the judges. Finally, Norm Evans, driver of *Miss Seattle*, protested that *Miss Thriftway* did indeed sway the buoy with her spray and wind but that *Miss Pepsi*, following close behind, had done the actual damage.

This Seattle counterattack caught the racing committee off guard.

Two hours later the group had announced that, as of now, no one had



FLARENGASTED Bill Muncey has just heard judges disqualify his hydroplane.

won the Gold Cup. Rhodes's protest has been forwarded to the Inboard Racing Commission of the American Power Boat Association, a 16-man group, which will take testimony—probably by mail—and come up with a winner within 60 days.

There is, however, much more on the minds of the committee than irate

Seattleites. The 1956 Gold Cup race might be declared illegal. Roly-poly Playboy Horace Dodge went to court to charge that the Detroit Yacht Club race committee—sponsors of the Gold Cup—allowed boats to qualify on the morning of the race after the announced deadline for qualifying had passed. As a result of these runs, he claims, his boat—*Dora My Sweden*—was bumped from the list of finalists (those with the 12 fastest times in the qualifying runs). Judge Joseph Moynihan of the Wayne County circuit court has set September 7 as the date by which the race committee should show cause why the Gold Cup race should not be declared "no contest." The committee refused comment on Dodge's legal dodge and went home to a troubled rest, leaving the Gold Cup hovering in mid-air and getting more tarnished by the minute.

This slapstick ending marred an important fact: Gold Cup week produced some dramatic and brilliant racing on the rough Detroit River. Early in the week Lieut. Colonel Russ Schlee easily defended the Harnsworth Trophy for the U.S. in *Shanty I*, owned by Bill Waggoner. Schlee was never pressed by the Canadian challenger, *Miss Superstix II*, owned by J. Gordon Thompson and his son, Jim, and driven by Bill Braden, 41, a slim, handsome figure who hit the beaches of Normandy as a major in the Canadian army. Braden doggedly fought the bucking *Superstix* as she porpoised through rough water. At the finish he collapsed at the wheel.

Of the 12 boats that qualified for the Gold Cup, the third and final heat soon turned into a battle among three: *Shanty I* with 625 points from her first two heats, *Miss Pepsi* with 600, and *Miss Thriftway* with 569. After *Shanty* conked out with a broken quill shaft in her supercharger, there remained only a contest between *Miss Pepsi's* speed in the turns and *Miss Thriftway's* speed on the straightaways. *Miss Thriftway* won easily—when she streaked home in the 10th and final lap, she had a 16-second lead. This gave her 400 points for a first-place finish, plus 400 bonus points for the fastest lap, for a total of 1,369. *Miss Pepsi*, finishing second, got 300 points, plus the 400-point bonus for best overall time for the 90 miles, for a total of 1,300 points.

Rhodes hugged Jones, Jones hugged Muncey, Muncey hugged Rhodes and all three hugged Muncey's pretty wife. Then they embarked for the judges' stand and disillusionment. (K&E)

Stirling Moss won the race, but at stake also was a world driver championship, and Monza produced a

FOURTH FOR FANGIO

MONZA, ITALY

BY RACE TIME the cold fingers of fog which had probed through the north Italian night had lifted, the slicing rain had stopped and the track at Monza was dry, cool and fast. Through these ideal racing conditions Britain's Stirling Moss piloted a flashing redesigned six-cylinder Maserati to victory in the 17th Grand Prix of Europe. Roaring in six seconds behind Moss was Juan Manuel Fangio, driving an eight-cylinder Ferrari. Under a complicated all-season scoring system, second place in this Grand Prix at Monza assured the 45-year-old Argentine of his fourth world championship. "*Troppo forte*," say the Italians ruefully about Fangio.

Juan Manuel Fangio is a small-chinned, beak-nosed little man who looks somehow disappointing—until that moment when he puts on his helmet. Precisely then, an enormous calm seems to descend on him. His lily sharp blue eyes sweep the track in keen assessment.

Before the race chief interest centered on Fangio and his Ferrari. For three days all of the Ferrari engineer-

ing skills were concentrated on bringing these low-slung red racers to a peak of perfect performance. Moving with swift order through the crowded pits, Ferrari mechanics acted speedily to change the huge Englebert tires, to make engine adjustments, to check suspensions and transmissions. Of the seven Grand Prix races held this year, the Ferrari stable had won five and was looking for its sixth victory and a scintillating finish to the season. Already in the bag was the world championship for sports-racing cars, which brought Ferrari \$85,000 in prize money.

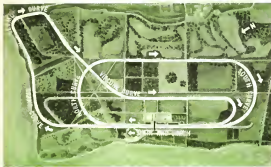
In the pits, carefully watching the mechanics and testing cars on the elevated curves of Monza—banked so high that a man cannot crawl up them—were some of the finest drivers in the world. Second to Fangio in standings for the world championship before the race was Peter Collins, son of a British automobile dealer. Waiting for his turn at the time trials, Collins joked amiably with mechanics in the pits. Speaking with easy fluency in French and Italian as well as English, he looked like a relaxed kid between the

halves of a high school basketball game. Then an Italian mechanic pointed a finger at him and said, "*Campione del mondo* (world champion)." Collins smiled, shook his head and nodded genially toward Fangio. He showed his nervousness only occasionally by chewing on a slender finger.

CAN'T SLOW UP

In sharp contrast to the personality of Collins was that of his stablemate Eugenio Castellotti, wealthy young Italian idolized as "*Il Bello* (the beautiful one)" throughout Italy and particularly worshipped here at Monza because he was both a home town boy and the best Italian prospect. "His great defect," said one expert in appraisal, "is that he doesn't know how to slow up." Castellotti strutted proudly through the pits, cockily displaying his slimhipped build. Before the race he called with annoying arrogance for "an all-Italian victory." Still, this handsome high-riding young man with the tight yellow T shirt was to Italian journalists "a good boy—as good as bread." And he was the only driver in the Ferrari stable to race with a small medallion of the Madonna riveted to the instrument panel of his car. Here at Monza during practice last year Castellotti turned his car over to his friend and master, Alberto Ascari, then watched with horror when Ascari turned over and was killed on the Serraglio curve.

Also driving a Ferrari but due to go out early in the race with the tire trouble which dogged the Ferraris the whole afternoon was the Spanish nobleman Marquis Alfonso de Portago. Always with Portago was his wife, a beautiful young American girl who remained incredibly immaculate in the grease, sweat and deafening roar of the pits. There was the ruggedly handsome Roman Luigi Musso, who stayed with the leaders for two-thirds of the race but finally limped painfully away from his car when the steering failed. Behind the wheel of a hump-backed Vanwall was the lean American Harry Schell. Schell was to become the most dramatic figure of the race when, after holding the lead madly in the early stages, he was forced to step oil-soaked from his disabled car and streaked with filth walk the long walk back to his pits and defeat. Along with Moss driving a Maserati was Piero Taruffi, experienced old fox of racing. And of course there was Moss, the winner that afternoon, a little man with curly hair and British good looks. The son of a prosperous pig breeder, Moss also



MONZA RACE COURSE, one of the world's fastest, utilizes a boomerang-shaped road circuit for first leg of each 3 1/2-mile lap, high-banked oval concrete track for the second.

BIOPERSE: JUAN MANUEL FANGIO

THE FAUNCHY, bowlegged little man who has just won an unprecedented fourth world driver championship is an instinctive athlete who has no disposition to dramatize or even explain his phenomenal skill.

When asked once to help a new team driver, Juan Manuel Fangio pointed inside the cockpit of his car and said, "This is the accelerator and that is the brake; I suggest you press rather more on this and rather less on that."

Fangio, himself, has been doing just that ever since he discovered the youthful joys of racing hopped-up Chevrolet jalopies over the dusty trails of his native Argentina. When he crashed the *à la carte* world of European road racing seven seasons ago he displayed an uncanny knack for driving a car beyond its known maximum within minutes of his first experience with it.

Part of Fangio's rare endowment is his awareness of the precise mechanical limitations of any machine he drives. As a car begins to disintegrate he adjusts his demands upon it to maintain the highest possible speed and still bring it to the finish line. He has finished at various times with one or more transmission gears inoperative, suspension collapsed, brakes expended, engine misfiring and broken lines spraying hot oil onto him.

His first world championship came in 1951 when he pushed a big Alfa Romeo to a narrow victory over Ferrari. In 1954 and 1955 The Master won with the Mercedes juggernaut, then switched this year to his durable opponent, Ferrari.

Violent crashes, which have catapulted him into the landscape at speeds upward of 160 mph too often to remember, have failed to diminish his courage. A broken neck suffered early in the 1952 season at Monza was his most serious injury; friends doubted that he could race again.

To those of us who stood in his darkened hospital room that day it seemed inconceivable that this singular competitor, then unable to move, still had the most brilliant career of modern racing



FANGIO—THE WORLD CHAMPION AGAIN AT 45

ahead of him. The following season he was better than ever, if somewhat stiff-necked, and he ignored the whispered opinion that death would be certain if his neck is hurt again.

The Argentine's personality in and out of the cockpit is phlegmatic enough to suggest sleepwalking (or driving). When cornered, though, he is as gentle in demeanor as he is scrupulously proper on the race course. Fangio's dark and lovely wife is a buffer to this reticence and a familiar support at every race.

At 45, Fangio sometimes speaks of retiring. But like other European champions before him, he rates the Indianapolis "500" high as a challenge; he has said he could retire only after trying Indianapolis. Having become a living legend ("Fangio" has entered the language in Argentina as a friendly charge of execrable insanity), acquired the money to live like a South American general and the bootstraps to succeed at politics, Fangio has reason enough to quit racing, but his whole identity has become so intensely focused on the objective of winning that his friends fear neither fame nor fortune nor common sense will divert him from his purpose until he has had the big crash.

—JOHN FITCH

jumps horses and is the foremost exponent of the lead-foot school of racing drivers. With his Maserati holding up superbly, those tactics were good enough to win for him.

Other entries included the small British engineering firm, Connaught, which displayed unexpected strength, the French Gordini, a persistent but habitually unsuccessful contestant and a sprinkling of private competitors.

When the mechanics shoved the big

cars out on the track a pushing crowd of reporters and photographers jammed around Fangio and his Ferrari. Time trials had established him the heavy favorite when he broke the course record by averaging 137.5 mph for a single lap, tearing over the long looping country leg and the shorter banked oval leg which together constitute Monza's 6¼-mile lap. Second and third places in time trials were also won by Ferraris,

continued on next page

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says **MICKY HOBBS**, switch pitcher

BUSH LEAGUE, OKLA., Sept. 10—Top teams in both major leagues are angling for the services of young Hobbs, the sensational right-and-left hand pitcher who finished a 12-0 season for his college team and struck out 26 batters in his last game for the Purple Sox, a local semipro outfit. Scouts are amazed at Hobbs' ability to get his slider over the plate occasionally with either hand. Post-game post mortem shows Mickey wearing his new TAK collared pull-over.

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MOTOR SPORTS

continued from page 53

and when the starter's flag snapped down it was the Ferraris, with a great drumming roar, which went into the lead. But it was not to be their race.

Recklessly driving his Vanwall, Harry Schell took an early lead and had his magnificent moment before breaking down. Burning around with dash and courage, Castellotti then careened into the lead but was forced to stop for a tire change when his wild acceleration flung burning bits of rubber from his rear tires bouncing crazily on the track. Shortly after, trying to make up for the precious seconds he had lost, *Il Bello* drove off the track and was out of the competition. During the first third of the race the cold-blooded Fangio stalked the leaders, waiting for his opening. But it never came. When Castellotti retired Moss snatched the lead and never relinquished it. He drove his Maserati beautifully, capitalizing fully on the new design which set the steering wheel slightly to the driver's left, making Monza's right-hand curves easier. When Fangio's Ferrari, hampered first by tire trouble, was held up for motor adjustments, only a troublesome delay or a crash could have stopped Moss. And Moss had no intention of allowing either of those things to happen. He gave the crowd its greatest thrill when, just a few seconds in the lead, he pulled up to the pits on the 48th lap for his lone stop, only a few miles from the finish. But he was there a mere instant to refuel, and then he roared away again with unbelievable acceleration. All that remained for Moss were the flowers, the kiss, and the cup. Along with them came second place in the world championship standings and the establishment of new course records for the 310-mile race (129.7 mph) and for the fastest lap in competition (135.3 mph).

TEAM FIRST

Out with engine trouble, Fangio watched his teammate Collins, the man who had a theoretical chance of taking the world championship from him, circling the track. Despite occasional tire trouble Collins for 16 laps stayed within striking distance of the leaders. Victory for him, with Fangio side-lined, could have meant the championship he had been so modest about in the pits the day before. But it is international racing practice that the team, not the individual driver, must have precedence. In the Ferrari pits the decision was made that only Fangio could

THE MONZA RESULTS

DRIVER	CAR	TIME
1. Moss	Maserati	2:23:41.3
2. Fangio	Ferrari	2:23:47
3. Scott-Brown	Connaught	2:28:20.9
4. Godia	Maserati	2:28:20
5. Fairman	Connaught	2:28:53.2

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

DRIVER	CAR	PTS.
1. Fangio	Ferrari	30
2. Moss	Maserati	27
3. Collins	Ferrari	25
4. Behn	Maserati	22
5. Flaherty	Zink Special	9
6. Castellotti	Ferrari	7½
7. Frere	Ferrari	6
8. Godia	Maserati	6
9. Fairman	Connaught	5
10. Munro	Ferrari	4
11. Hawthorn	Ferrari	4
12. Scott-Brown	Maserati	4
13. Perdica	Maserati	3
14. Schell	Vanwall	3
15. De Portago	Ferrari	3

possibly have a chance to overtake Moss. So on the 36th lap out flashed the Ferrari red flag with the black rampant horse embossed upon it. Collins pulled up obediently at the pits. For an instant of emotion he embraced Fangio, clapped his back and helped him into the roaring car. Watching, Collins saw Fangio take over the wheel of his car and whirl off with his championship hopes. If he objected he never said so.

And so they finished—Moss a superb winner, driving the entire grind without a trace of mechanical trouble and moving into second place on the final championship rankings, and Fangio a remorseless barrier, beaten by a scant six seconds. The Connaughts were a surprisingly strong third and fifth, and Maserati rounded out a rewarding day by clinching fourth.

It was Moss's race, but Fangio's year. As Moss says, and nearly everyone else agrees, Fangio is the best. (END)



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TIP FROM THE TOP



especially for golfers
whose putting is unsatisfactory

from **ART WALL JR.**, Pocomo Manor, Pa.

Putting is the most imprecise science in all of golf, and there are almost as many putting techniques as there are golfers. A technique I have found successful is to try to think of throwing my right palm out and into the hole. This helps me keep the putter blade square to the hole and prevents pulling or pushing the putt off line.

Successful putting is largely in the mind, anyway, and I find it helps give me the right mental image, the right feel, if I rest the putter shaft against the fleshy heel of my right palm. My left hand leads just slightly in the stroke, but when I have made a good putt I feel the sense of the hit in that right palm.

I stand with my right elbow just barely touching my right hip—not resting on it, just brushing it. Then if I concentrate on aiming my right palm for the hole, I usually find that I stroke the kind of putt I want. It seems to me that concentration, which is the absolute core of good putting, is made easier if the golfer focuses his attention on one detail only, whether it is this one or one of his own choosing.



Above: shaft rests against
the heel of the right hand

Right: Art Wall throws his
right palm "into" the hole



NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: HELEN DETTWEILER ON THE WRIST TURN

King Hairan takes on all comers in the mud, wins a test race while his owner drinks beer, and provides a fine

SARATOGA WINDUP

AS THE RAINS lashed the Saratoga track for two days before the 52nd running of the Hopeful, there was more than the usual amount of excitement among owners of the best 2-year-olds in the East still in training. This, as everyone knew, was the biggest test so far: the first time any 2-year-olds in the country would have to go six and a half furlongs. Furthermore, nobody had to be reminded of Racing Secretary Jimmy Kilroe's words: "That Saratoga mud has dropped many a champion."

It looked as if the Hopeful would seem more like seven furlongs to most of the seven starters who represented the survivors of an original roster of 302 eligible horses, and nobody yet knew which colts could go the distance even under ideal conditions.

Almost nobody knew, that is. At barn 25, the morning before the race, Leonard Hunt, the diminutive man with a broad smile who trains King Hairan for the partnership of Leo Edwards and Harry B. Massey, sat in judgment as the stable hands put the big brown colt (by King's Stride out of Lady Hairan by Hairan) back in his stall. "Nobody can tell me he isn't a champion," said Hunt. "Some people are making a lot of the fact that we lost twice to Bold Ruler. Well, to tell the truth, I think he was a little short both times. Now I'm only sorry that Bold Ruler isn't in the Hopeful—because we're ready for him and everybody else."

King Hairan was certainly ready for everything within sight last Saturday. So confident, in fact, was Trainer Hunt that, as the field entered the starting gate, he turned around in his box to announce to Co-owners Edwards and Massey, "I figure he'll do it in just about 1:18 2/5." Massey, a prosperous Pittsburgh Buick dealer with a second home in Miami, nodded politely. Hunt looked for some response from Leo Edwards, the former chairman of the Florida State Racing Commission,

But Edwards had vanished, and the field was off. In no time at all Edward P. Taylor's Nearctic was barreling off to a four-length lead, followed by King Hairan and then Greentree Stable's Cohoes. They kept this order until Arcaro sent King Hairan to the front at the quarter pole, and from that moment on the race was all but settled. Nearctic bore out and stopped quite badly in the stretch and, while Cohoes was maneuvering to avoid him, Walter M. Jeffords' Gannet shot up along the rail to take second place a length and a quarter behind King Hairan. Cohoes was third. The time—wouldn't you know it—was exactly 1:18 2/5.

As they summoned the winners for the presentation ceremony, the elusive Leo Edwards made a reappearance at trackside. He explained apologetically: "I got so nervous at the sight of watching my horses run that I've never seen King Hairan race. When they go into the gate I've got to get away from everything. Sometimes I go for a walk.

Today I went under the stands and had a beer."

It had been a great day for the King Hairan camp. A great day, too, for the state of Florida, which has now sent out two consecutive Florida-breds to win the Hopeful (the 1955 winner: Needles). "It was King Hairan's best race by far," said Trainer Hunt.

Co-owner Edwards, who had gone for a glass of champagne in the trustees' room, was by now all smiles. "King Hairan has now won a Maiden and eight stakes [and \$189,575 in purses to his purchase price of \$36,000] in 12 starts. If that isn't a wonderful job of training, I don't know what is." He looked around him happily and added "As a matter of fact, I've decided that the next time he runs I'll forget about my beer. I think I'd like to watch him race. He must be good."

The four-week Saratoga meeting, which ended on Hopeful day, was a tremendous success. Attendance was up about 8% over 1955's figures, and the mutual handle went up some 16%. In 1957 this phase of the GNYA's operation has a good chance to break even.

The men who control racing in the state of New York want Saratoga to keep running for a long time to come. Last week three of the GNYA's top executives—Boylston A. Tompkins, Walter M. Jeffords and Christopher T. Chenery—bought new homes in Saratoga. Do you suppose they bought them just to come up and take the baths? (END)



HOPEFUL WINNER King Hairan, Eddie Arcaro up, stands in winner's circle with Co-owners Leo Edwards (smiling) and Harry B. Massey. Florida colt is pointed for Derby.

TURN PAGE FOR THE ACCOUNT OF MIDWEST'S BIG 2-YEAR-OLD RACE



HARTACK AND SHOEMAKER, LOCKED IN FURIOUS TANGLE, BATTLE TO THE WIRE ALMOST TOGETHER IN EVENTFUL WASHINGTON FUTURITY

IN CHICAGO: GREEK GAME WINS FUTURITY ON A FOUL . . .

APHER SIX horse races. Nobody expected last Saturday's \$143,510 Washington Park Futurity to be a knitting contest, matching as it did Rex Ellsworth's powerful California Kid and Fred W. Hooper's strapping Greek Game (both apparently Derby-bound in 1957) and five horses named Joe. Greek Game, son of Olympia, had won four straight starts before tangling with California Kid in the Prairie States and losing to the westerner. California Kid was going into the Futurity with four wins in six starts. The race figured to be a tight one between the two front-running 2-year-olds. It turned out tighter than anyone dreamed.

Willie Shoemaker shoved California Kid out front at the start of the six-furlong sprint and held him there to the stretch turn. Bill Hartack, who usually likes to grab the lead and keep it, lay back on Greek Game in the No. 3 spot, a shade behind Aberion, the Aga Khan-bred colt. At the home turn, Greek Game made his move. By the quarter pole the two horses were side by side, California Kid on the rail, Greek Game on the outside. Then began the Pier-Sixing.

The two horses bumped slightly, but neither broke stride. Running nose to nose they bumped twice more under left-handed whipping by both jockeys. At the 16th pole they cleared each other and stormed under the wire in a

photo finish. From the eighth pole on they had never been more than a few inches apart. The crowd of 22,945, which had sent California Kid in at even money, Greek Game in at 3 to 2, stirred restlessly while awaiting the results. After a few minutes the tote board flashed: "1-4-6-2." California Kid, Greek Game, Buddy, Aberion. Cheers and jeers went up, and so did a little red notice: "Inquiry."

Rex Ellsworth and Trainer Meshach Tenney ambled to the winner's circle. Greek Game's owner, Hooper, ambled in the opposite direction. Bill Hartack alid off Greek Game and mumbled: "There was a lot of bumping down the stretch." Willie Shoemaker turned his mount over to an exercise boy without comment. Minutes passed, and still the little red "Inquiry" hung over the track like an unfinished sentence.

Then came word from the announcer. The stewards were making the inquiry; there had been no foul complaints from the jockeys. The inquiry concerned only the two lead horses. After 20 tense minutes, during which the judges attended the premiere showing of the film of the race, Greek Game became the winner. For repeated foals California Kid was moved back to second place. Said State Steward Keene Daingerfield: "From the quarter-pole home, California Kid came out several times under Bill Shoemaker's left-handed

whipping and bumped Greek Game, knocking the latter off stride. . . ."

Ellsworth and Tenney sorrowfully withdrew from the winner's circle, and a feverish search finally turned up the victorious Hooper. But both horses and both jockeys had long since retired from the track, and the winner's circle festivities were further dampened by the surrounding crowds of loudly mourning bettors. Standing on the trackside ramp, they shook fists at the judges' booth above, punctuating their gesticulations with messages like: "Nice going, Mr. Capone," and "How much you bet on da winner?"

The complaints achieved all the grandiose success of a Leo Durocher-umpire argument and Greek Game bettors gleefully went off to cash their tickets at \$5, \$2.80 and \$2.40. In all the confusion hardly anyone noticed that the time (1:10 $\frac{1}{4}$ for both horses) was plenty fast for a dull track which had acquired the classification "fast" only a short time before the race, after two days of off-and-on rain. Nor was much attention paid to the fact that Greek Game, by nailing down the Futurity, had become the nation's leading 2-year-old money winner: the \$87,070 purse boosted his winnings to \$199,805, topping by \$10,230 the earnings of King Halran, who a few hours before had captured the Hopeful at Saratoga.

—JACK OLSEN

WHITEY FORD

continued from page 16

Yankees. Go against the best day in and day out and it becomes commonplace. When something better than the best appears it becomes not a thing to fear and wonder at but rather a new and exciting challenge, something to rise to.

Ford—despite his 180 pounds and his shoulders which, as Jim Turner pointed out, are massive—is nevertheless small compared to many of the pitchers he faces, and he does not possess the superb natural pitches of a Score or a Lemon. But he has developed his own skills to a point of high efficiency, and he has learned in the heat of competition that a Score or a Lemon, or whoever, is not impregnable. Slowly, he has built his poise and confidence until now, when he takes the pitching mound against them, he feels that he is the one to beat—he and, of course, the Yankees.

This is the Yankee characteristic. Despite Mantle and Berra, today's

Yankees are no Murderers' Row band of sluggers. They are sharp, alert, capable craftsmen of a game that returns high premiums in runs and victories for just such qualities.

Not all the Yankee players have it, that special nature and knowledge and ability to play with mind and body sharp and alert, and to play better and better as the competition gets tougher and tougher. But the key Yankees do. And Edward Charles Ford, not yet and possibly never a 20-game winner, is a key Yankee. And because old Connie Mack was right, as he usually was, when he talked about pitching, Whitey Ford—certain to start the first game of the 1956 World Series and very likely at least one more after that—is an excellent bet to rise to the occasion. He did just that when he beat the Brooklyn Dodgers twice last year, and this time, with just a little bit of luck, he can prove to be the difference between Yankee defeat and victory. **END**

X-RAY

TEAM PERFORMANCES

TEAM LEADERS

Five Weeks (8/21-8/27)	Season	Home	Week	Batting	Season	Home	Pitching					
Season	Record	Record	Record	Season	Record	Record	Season					
NATIONAL LEAGUE												
Cincinnati	3-0	1-00	(12-53)	4	Temple	3-0	Robinson	30	Lawrence	17-8		
Minnesota	3-1	5-11	(20-45)	4	Washington	3-1	Acosta	34	Bell	16-3		
Pittsburgh	4-2	8-17	(23-30)	3	St. Louis	3-1	Vukobrat	25	Fried	12-13		
Brooklyn	3-4	5-11	(27-53)	11	Columbus	3-2	Smith	32	Newcombe	2-4		
Philadelphia	3-3	9-10	(18-47)	4	Memphis	3-2	Ashburn	23	Loyola	29	Hedde	12-5
New York	2-5	2-16	(25-76)	7	St. Louis	3-2	Schmiedel	38	May	27	Amorale	14-13
Chicago	2-5	2-16	(25-76)	8	St. Louis	3-2	Banks	31	Rush	28	12-17	
St. Louis	0-6	0-18	(15-67)	5	St. Louis	3-2	Martel	23	Ortman	13-9		
AMERICAN LEAGUE												
Orlando	4-1	8-10	(14-33)	2	St. Louis	3-2	Kenn	23	Heck	16-12		
New York	3-2	6-18	(13-40)	4	St. Louis	3-2	Martel	47	Heck	15-10		
Baltimore	3-3	6-18	(14-33)	2	St. Louis	3-2	Franklin	15	Moore	11-6		
Chicago	4-3	5-17	(17-57)	6	St. Louis	3-2	Scott	34	Price	15-7		
Cleveland	3-3	5-18	(24-54)	5	St. Louis	3-2	Wells	25	Scott	15-4		
Washington	3-3	6-18	(14-33)	2	St. Louis	3-2	Lawson	32	Shibata	14-10		
Boston	2-3	4-10	(19-58)	7	St. Louis	3-2	Johnson	19	Brewer	13-7		
Kansas City	0-5	0-10	(11-47)	1	St. Louis	3-2	Seay	31	Kelley	7-4		

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to Sept. 23)

RUNS PRODUCED

BEST		WORST		NATIONAL LEAGUE		Runs Scored	Teammate Runs Produced
Batting (NL)	Moore, St. L., 125	Kuznetsov, Phil., 223	Robinson, Cin (250)	230	40	120	
Batting (AL)	Heffley, NY, 362	Munroe, Balt., 215	Acosta, St. L. (185)	83	58	145	
Home run	St. Louis, 37	Schwarbart, NY, 3	Seay, Cin (214)	85	62	147	
Home run	(in 12 AB)	(per 28 AB)	Martel, St. L. (207)	20	73	243	
Home run	Moore, NY, 67	The upson, KC 1	Seay, St. L. (207)	57	46	143	
Home run	(in 10 AB)	(per 246 AB)					
Pitching (NL)	Brennan, Min., 23-4	Wheat, Cin, 5-12	AMERICAN LEAGUE				
Pitching (AL)	Ford, NY, 15-5	Wheat, KC, 5-12	Martel, NY (207)	113	71	184	
ERA (NL)	Bardette, M.L., 2.38	Conzel, NY, 4.92	Conzel, Cin (204)	76	86	164	
ERA (AL)	Ford, NY, 2.44	Genzel, NY, 5.76	Munroe, Balt. (204)	27	28	145	
Complete games	Roberts, Phil., 17	Schmidt, St. L., 2	Simpson, KC (285)	63	24	141	
(in 21 starts)	(in 21 starts)	(in 21 starts)	Seay, Wash. (257)	63	24	141	
Complete games	Levine, Phil., 18	Wheat, NY, 3					
(in 36 starts)	(in 36 starts)	(in 45 starts)					
Team HR (NL)	Cincinnati, 152	Pittsburgh, 33	THE ROOKIE				
Team HR (AL)	New York, 167	Baltimore, 39	NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Team runs (NL)	Cincinnati, 637	New York, 423	Robinson, Cin 236	St. Louis, KC 238	AMERICAN LEAGUE		
Team runs (AL)	New York, 1277	Baltimore, 495	Robinson, Cin 236	St. Louis, Cin 17			
Team hits (NL)	St. Louis, 1277	Baltimore, 1018	Robinson, Cin 75	Robinson, Cin 75			
Team hits (AL)	St. Louis, 1277	Baltimore, 1014	Robinson, Cin 75	Golar, Phil. 63			

THE ROOKIES

NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
Batting	St. Louis, Mo. 236
Home runs	Robinson, Cin 25
ERA	Robinson, Cin 25
Pitching	St. Louis, Mo. 6-3

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Constructed of DAKRON® plus KH

- Get the added confidence in yourself and your tackle that it takes to land record fish.
- Lifeline lets you feel your fish's reactions instantly.
- Its low elasticity and high strength transmit all your power.
- Made of Dacron, Lifeline never needs washing or drying.
- Made in six special world-record classes.

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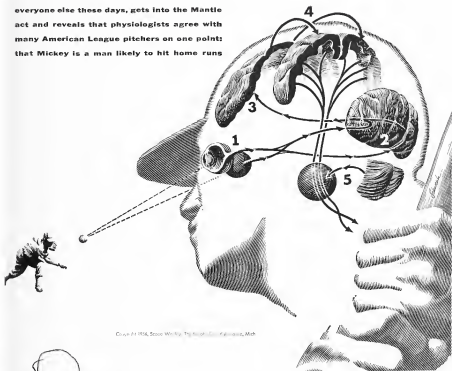
ALL-TACKLE WORLD RECORD
796-lb. blue marlin caught at Kona, Hawaii from Tacks Waldron's boat "Kama," by Pablo Libero. It was taken on 130-lb. Ashaway Lifeline constructed of Dacron.

*Dacron is a trademark for its polyester fiber.

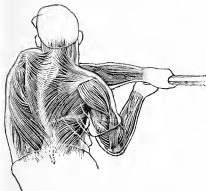
ASHAWAY LINE & TWINE MFG. CO.
Ashaway, Rhode Island

WHAT MAKES MICKEY TICK

Upjohn (a pharmaceutical firm), like almost everyone else these days, gets into the Mantle act and reveals that physiologists agree with many American League pitchers on one point: that Mickey is a man likely to hit home runs.



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PHYSIOLOGY OF REACTION TIME. The sketch above shows what happens at the instant the ball leaves the pitcher's hand en route to the waiting Mickey Mantle. At (1) ball observed as thrown, with binocular series of images reflected on (2) the occipital (visual) cortex; information is relayed to (3) frontal association areas, where the future trajectory of the ball is predicted, comparisons with past experience are made and a decision to swing or not to swing is taken. In motor cortex (4) the necessary neurons are fired, and muscular action results. Motor impulses are superimposed on extrapyramidal influences from the cerebellum (5), basal ganglia, etc. On the left is a sketch of the end of a typical Mantle swing, showing neck, shoulder and back musculature after he has hit the ball left-handed.

A college football 'amateur' can hardly earn a living these days. A whimsical solution: play now—

GET PAID LATER

The author, European columnist for the New York Herald Tribune, has been observing aspects of life in America.

THE BIG STORY on the West Coast these days is the Pacific Coast Conference rulings against amateur football players who get caught accepting money for jobs they never committed. Schools have been fined, players have been benched and teams have been banished from the Rose Bowl. P.C.C. universities, the cradles of our western culture, have cut their athletic payrolls by 75% and are now using the money to tell the country what a terrible code the Pacific Coast Conference has enforced.

The ramifications have not been felt yet, but already some of the consequences have been brought to light. In a recent practice game at the University of Southern California two scrub

teams tossed to see who would kick off first. But things had gotten so desperate at the school the teams started fighting over the coin, and for most of the game they chased the man with the quarter instead of the quarterback.

As many of our greatest sportswriters have pointed out, this is not a Pacific coast problem, it's a world problem. When you stop paying amateur athletes you upset the economy of a nation. Besides, what good is it playing for fun if you can't get paid for it?

The original object of football was to keep the coal miners off the streets. The mines were purposely closed on Saturday afternoons so that the miners could play in the local college games without losing seniority.

Then the conferences were organized and someone suggested using students instead of miners to field a college team.

You can imagine the resistance to the plan. Where could you find students as strong as coal miners? Finally a compromise was reached in which the miners were enrolled as students. They would be paid as students instead of coal miners, at a minimum salary no less than the president of the university. This was the first attempt to clean up college sports.

During the years it has been accepted practice to pay amateur football players. A first-string player earned as much as a first-string professor, a second-string player as much as an associate professor and so on. In many instances the players and professors cashed their checks at the same place, and the players were given much needed tutoring as they stood in line.

But in recent years the reform movements on every campus have been out to destroy the football system. First they tried to cut down on players' allowances (a first-string player was given an associate professor's salary, etc.). Then they insisted the players do outside work to earn their salary. Jobs were found. Players were ordered to answer telephones that were not plugged in and to cut the grass that sprang out between the cracks in the sidewalk. They were paid for parking their own cars in parking lots, and for going through the cafeteria line. Despite the extra burden, most of them managed to keep up their studies, graduating at the head of their classes in tree climbing, fly-fishing and Kathleen Winsor.

Yet the reform groups were not satisfied. They kept cutting down and down on allowances, until today in many cases associate professors are getting more than football players.

The fathers of the game had never dreamed such a thing would happen.

Recently a student at a Westwood school complained to a sportswriter: "They've offered me \$200 to wait on tables."

"What's wrong with that?" the sportswriter asked.

"They want me to wait on tables."

One solution has been offered to take the pressure off the P.C.C. rulings. It is a "play now—get paid later" plan in which the player on graduation would receive an allowance in a lump sum. He could get the money wrapped around his diploma in \$1,000 bills or be given a fleet of Cadillacs to start a drive-it-yourself business. This solution would probably satisfy the codemakers, and it will certainly stop the players from fighting over the coin which is flipped to see who kicks off.

(CND)

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"We'd like you to cast a spell over the Yankees."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD LITWIN

"The cloth that conquered Everest" is now ready
for the roughest sporting elements of land or sea

TESTED ON EVEREST



HILLARY AND TENZING IN EVEREST CLOTH

WHEN Tenzing and Hillary attained the summit of Everest, the outer clothing that protected them from the fantastic winds and cold at the top of the world was made of an almost ridiculously lightweight fabric (4¼ ounces to the yard) that has since proved to be one of the finest protective shells developed by man. The cloth, a poplin of such extremely fine weave that only one mill (John Southworth in England) is producing it, is of 72% Sea Island cotton, 28% nylon. It was the only one of 22 fabrics developed in competition for the British Ministry of Supply that met the Everest expedition's specifications. It will withstand winds of 100 mph and continuous hard rain for seven hours without penetration. "Everest cloth," as the fabric has been popularly called (the mill's name for it is Wincol 711), is now being made into a wide variety of outer clothing, from froethite suits for sailors to classic trench coats. They're expensive, since the cloth is costly, and limited (only 4,000 garments may be made a year by Aquascutum of London, sole manufacturer), but for protection against the extremes of the out-of-doors a man would be hard put to find a better fabric. As added proof, the U.S. Navy has just placed an order for Wincol cloth to be made into Blanchard Draw-Tite tents for Admiral Byrd's 1957 Operation Deep Freeze expedition to the Antarctic.



SKI PAJKA of Everest cloth (\$65) has drawstring in hood and at waist. Since the fabric is mostly cotton, it "breathes."

FISHING JACKET (\$65) has many pockets for carrying the gear and a drawstring closure at the waist to keep winds out





FROSTBITE SUITS (\$130) of blue Everist cloth come in men's and women's sizes, have tubes for inflating safety compartments.



SHOOTING JACKET (\$45) has belt, bellows pockets for shells, free pheasant at shoulder. It comes in conventional field-tan color.

GOLF JACKET (\$45 for man's, \$42.50 for woman's, both Brooks Brothers, N.Y.) is zippered, has plenty of shoulder swing room.



RAINCOAT for women is raglan fly-front (L. Magnin's, about \$70) and for men is horn-buttoned trench coat (Marshall Field, \$85).



ROGERS HORNSBY

continued from page 24

gives them quick reflexes and coordination. It makes them think and teaches them teamwork. I never turn a kid down, no matter what age. We're not trying to get pros, we're trying to get each boy in Chicago to know how to play ball."

"Well, here we are," Hornsby said, as he pulled up to the garage he rents a few steps from his hotel. After backing the car in, a maneuver that seemed destined for a rather spectacular failure, he emerged and started walking at a good pace toward the Edgewater Beach Hotel, where he lives. Along the way, children and adults greeted him, and once he stopped to inquire about the health of a boy's dog. He entered the lobby and disappeared to take off his uniform.

After a quick change he appeared in a tan summer suit with a garish hand-painted tie depicting a man at bat with baseballs careening up and down its length. He started for the drugstore, but permitted himself to be led to a restaurant instead, since he was being invited to lunch.

At the table he self-consciously took out a pair of glasses to read the menu. "My eyes aren't what they were," he apologized, "but I only use these things for reading. I can still play ball without them," he said proudly. After muttering that he "didn't eat much for lunch," he ordered some soup ("It's

good to have something hot") and a sandwich.

He fidgeted and looked around, less comfortable out of uniform and off the diamond. He seemed grateful to be asked a question about a newspaper story quoting him as saying bonus players weren't being used enough.

"Oh, they're liable to have a story, I don't read them. I agree with Mr. Wrigley: When he called me in 1929 he said, 'The most important thing is to keep your name before the public, but it doesn't matter what they say, as long as they spell your name right.' Oh, they've written plenty things about me, about how hard-boiled I am. Why, I'm the easiest guy in the world to work for, if you give 100%. A player doesn't owe it to me as manager, but to the fans, to keep the game of baseball alive, and they owe it to themselves. It's second nature to me to give 100%. Even in this program for boys I'm out there half an hour before time. I like my work, and I think you should. When a player does badly, you don't humiliate him in front of people, but take him off and tell him. I wasn't a guy to put my arm around the pitcher while I was taking him out. I asked for 100% of their ability, what the good Lord gave them, not 100% of someone else's ability."

"One player said, 'All Hornsby wanted is for you to play ball,' and he was right. The player's not going to get praised every day, he's not going to do good every day, and I don't expect

that. But if you concentrate on your weaknesses and practice, anyone can improve. I was awful when I started out, but by listening to the older players and putting what they said into practice, I built myself up. Today players have better equipment, have more money—that's what spoils 'em. They have as much ability today, maybe even more, but they don't apply it. And today the business manager has control over the manager. In the old days the owner and the manager were the only ones who ran the ball club; they're the ones who should run the playing personnel."

Hornsby drew a long breath before launching into his version of what happened to his managerial career. "I'm no yes man. If I was, I'd have the jobs those other fellows have."

As he attacked his soup, Hornsby explained something that is obvious. "I live and sleep baseball, I don't care about the other sports." He elaborated on this: "The Chicago Bears' [George] Halas is my personal friend, that's all I care about football."

"The big thing about baseball," he said, continuing on his favorite subject, "or anything else, is you've got to have confidence, self-confidence. You can't be afraid. With kids, you must have patience. You build confidence into them by letting each one play. You can't hit too hard, because it breaks their confidence, then they won't come out and play again. It's the same thing in pro ball: you can't break confidence, and that's ruining confidence. Nobody'll beat my record, and I'm not egotistically speaking, but they aren't letting men play enough. If a guy plays 100 games a season, he's remarkable."

In spite of all the conversation, he had made it through the soup and was poking dubiously at his sandwich.

"When baseball becomes work and not fun, it's time to take the uniform off. That's one trouble with players today, they say 'we're going out to work.' That gets me mad. Today baseball is big business. Sure, you have to make money, but today they're over-stressing it. Baseball should be kept on a sport basis, kept on the high level on which the game was begun," said Hornsby in the tones of a dedicated altar boy.

"I love baseball," he said softly, almost as if he'd forgotten anyone was listening, "and I want to stay in it. I think I belong in baseball," he ended with conviction and chomped into his sandwich to close the matter. (END)



PATERNAL RAJAH, the emblem of his calling emblazoned on his back, leaves the practice field in Chicago's Marquette Park with two of his baseball pupils at day's end.

A Pendletonian from Jacket to Argyles

Like so many others headed back to school, he prefers Pendleton, as you will too...with their rich, lasting colors, smart exclusive patterns, perfect fit, soft luxurious fabrics of virgin wool spun, dyed and woven by Pendleton.



Jacket, 17.50

Pendleton Flannel Slacks

New coordinated

Argyles, 3.50

Highlands

Robe-to-a-Bag, 13.95

Sport Shirt, 12.95

there's only one

Pendleton

always virgin wool





TEST TIME FOR TUNA

As the world's top big game anglers meet in Wedgeport, Nova Scotia for the International Tuna Cup Match, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** takes a searching look at the wandering bluefin

by **THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER**



Photographing by Dickie

WITH THE flags of almost a dozen nations bowing their halyards in a chill Nova Scotia breeze, some 30 boats this week will invade narrow, tide-runt Solder's Rip 10 miles to the south'ard of tiny Wedgeport. The mood aboard them will be patience overlaid with tension, as crews, like the one above, chum and tease to bring giant bluefin tuna boiling in their wakes. For this is the week of big game angling's World

Series, the 13th International Tuna Cup Match in which teams of top sport fishermen from all over the world compete for the tuna-mounted silver bowl donated by Alton B. Sharp, a Boston sportsman who helped organize the first International Match in 1937.

Whether the fickle tuna will be cooperative this year, however, is a matter of serious debate and much anxiety. No catch has equaled that of golden

1949 when five teams boated 72 fish in three days of competition. In the same time last year seven teams could produce only two fairly caught bluefins, with A. M. Whismant Jr. of New York pumping in a fortuitous 585-pounder to win for the United States and recapture the Sharp Cup from Mexico.

Actually, the outlook for 1956's match is not so dismal as the 1955

continued on next page



THE WINNING FISH In last year's International Tuna Cup Match is hoisted after a tense hour-and-20-minute fight by U.S. Team Member A. M. Whisnant Jr. of New York.

TEST TIME FOR TUNA

continued from page 68

results might suggest. The herring run is heavy, tuna are in the rip, and Wedgeport is buzzing with multilingual speculation. It may be "tunny" to the British Empire Team, *der Thunfisch* to the Germans or, rather appropriately, *o arém* to the Portuguese. But it is still the giant bluefin tuna they speak of, a fish with a bizarre history, a partisan following and a migratory instinct which drives it for thousands of miles.

To think of nature's great migrations is to think of Barren Land caribou threading their path across reachless tundra, of sheets of wildfowl covering late autumn skies, of salmon struggling up rivers to spawn and die. These are dramatic sights, but no more dramatic than the glimpse man is permitted of the giant bluefins as they start north in the spring.

Toward mid-May the first dark shadows poke onto the shallow Great Bahama Bank 50 miles east of Miami. These are slim 500-pound fish plodding along at a purposeful three or four knots, not feeding, just moving. School after school, fish after fish follows, and for roughly a month they pour across the Bank to bore into deep water at its outer tip. By late June the Bahama migration is over and the angler has taken his toll. Though not hungry, migrating bluefin will, out of reflex or pique, strike a bait, and Cat Cay and Bimini in the spring rank as the finest of tuna ports.

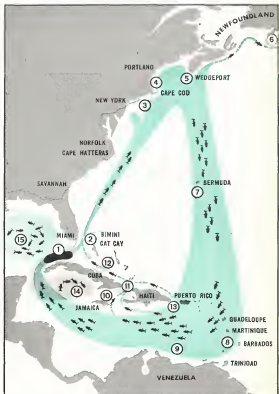
Perhaps three weeks after they have straggled off the Great Bahama Bank, bluefin appear in New Jersey, Long Island and Rhode Island waters. In a matter of days, more arrive off Cape Cod, in Cape Cod Bay and Massachusetts Bay. Others push on to the coast of Maine, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. The so-called school tuna, those reckless youngsters from 10 to 150 pounds, have by that time joined the giants. They are will-o'-the-wisps and no one knows what ocean roads they travel.

The tuna preoccupation now turns to feeding, and they drive after schools of mackerel, menhaden, squid, herring and all the lesser fish life upon which bluefin exist. Rarely do they take a fish over one pound, but they are gluttons for quantity. By late fall when they fade from northern waters those that were 500 pounds in June may weigh a deep-bellied 750.

The bluefin is the largest of 12 to 14 tunas in the ocean world. Only two mil-

limeters in length at hatching time and a one-pound sprout at two months, it will, if it survives the unpleasantness of a carnivorous society, in 15 years swell

to 500 pounds of beautifully streamlined energy (see pages 70 and 71). A patriarch may exceed 1,000 pounds, continued on next page



MIGRATORY SEA ROADS OF THE GIANT BLUEFIN TUNA

Journey's beginning for tuna comes at the spawning grounds (4) where primary spring migration movement brings the fish from the Caribbean around the west end of Cuba, through the Florida straits and up over the Great Bahama Bank. Traveling northward, the 500-pound adult fish pass Bimini and Cat Cay (2) in May and June and reach Montauk, Long Island, and the Rhode Island coast (3) in late June and early July. Of all tuna summering grounds, including Cape Cod Bay (4), Wedgeport, Nova Scotia (5) has long had the biggest concentration of tuna from August to September. This year they are being fished as high as Newfoundland (6), but as winter months come they turn back for their southward

migration which takes them past Bermuda (7) and on to the Lesser Antilles (8). Winter migration continues in a westerly direction off the Venezuelan coast (9) and by February-April bluefin are running past Jamaica, B.W.I. (10). Another possible spawning ground may be in the Windward Passage (11) and scientists believe that some tuna head north (see broken line) through the Passage and also up the Old Bahama Channel (12) and Mona Passage (13). A further spawning ground is suspected south of Cuba (14) but so far is unconfirmed. Most recent report on tuna movement was the sighting last winter of large concentrations in the Gulf of Mexico (15), especially off the Mississippi Delta region.

THE GIANT BLUEFIN

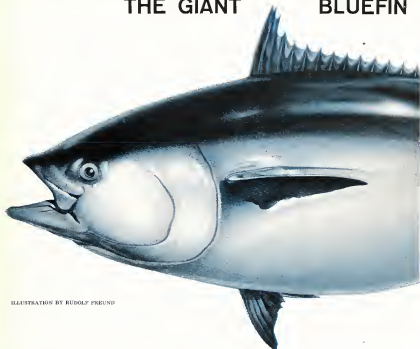


ILLUSTRATION BY RUDOLF FREUND

TEST TIME FOR TUNA

continued from page 69

though an angler has yet to take one of these.

Man has been seeking bluefin for as long as man remembers. They were fished commercially in the Mediterranean Sea in Roman times and still are. The Japanese and other Pacific nations have been tuna fishermen for centuries. Only in the western North Atlantic in that area from the Bahamas to Nova Scotia does the tale take a different tack. There, until the turn of the century, bluefin provoked only meager interest, commercial or otherwise.

Then sporting men developed an interest in deep salt water, and the first fish encountered was the bluefin. Efforts were heroic, results minimal. The boat was often an oar-powered dory and few reels had the luxury of a

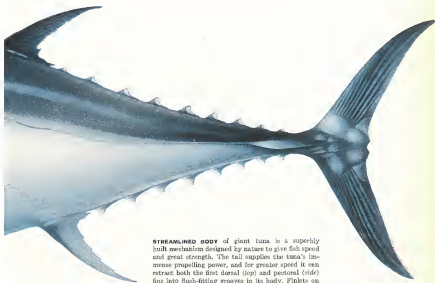
mechanical drag. More often they were a vicious free-spool contrivance. Departing line spun the handle like a propeller, and braking power on the spool was applied via thumb. It was on such primitive tackle in 1896 that W. Greer Campbell off Avalon, California caught the first rod-and-reel tuna in angling history, and mechanical matters had not improved appreciably by 1898 when Dr. Charles F. Holder took a 183-pounder from the same waters and founded the Catalina Tuna Club, an organization which contributed much to early tackle development.

To California go the firsts, and it does not detract from their accomplishment to question whether Avalon's Gay Nineties tuna were bluefin or, in fact, yellowfin. In either case, Atlantic events were about to eclipse them, and the West Coast was left to make its name with other fish.

In 1908 Commander J. K. I. Ross, R.C.N. arrived in St. Ann Bay, Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia. His stated purpose was to catch tuna. He had some light southern tackle, an optimistic turn of mind and remarkable tenacity. He hooked 22 fish and lost every one of them before he called it a season. Three years later his first fish fought for 19 hours and exhausted even the dogged commander, who finally cut his line. He then hooked and lost 19 more tuna. No. 21 he stayed with. It weighed 630 pounds.

Thirty-nine years later Commander Duncan McIntyre Hodgson, fishing in the same St. Ann Bay, caught the present all-tackle world record, a 977-pound bluefin tuna. Hodgson had Ross's old guide. Hodgson was, in fact, Ross's son-in-law. In those four decades big game angling and its tackle was bred of the quest for bluefin tuna.

IS BUILT FOR SPEED AND STRENGTH



STREAMLINED BODY of giant tuna is a superbly built mechanism designed by nature to give fish speed and great strength. The tail supplies the tuna's immense propelling power, and for greater speed it can retract both the first dorsal (top) and pectoral (side) fins into flush-fitting grooves in its body. Finklets on top and bottom of hind shaft of body help break up suction caused as water flows swiftly around sleek fish.

The 1930s were bright years for bluefin. With prodding from a tuna disciple named Michael Lerner, Wedgeport converted itself for sport fishermen. Tuna were found on the western edge of the Great Bahama Bank near minute Bimini and Cat Cay, and in 1935 Ernest Hemingway took the first fish there. S. Kip Farrington Jr., an indefatigable angler, was right behind him. As a matter of fact, by this time tuna were found all along the eastern seaboard, and some anglers, for whom it is never quite enough simply to catch a fish, began to wonder where the bluefin were before they trekked past the Bahamas. And where did they go from their summering grounds? Those anglers became amateur scientists, badgered true scientists and even donated healthy sums to find the answers.

The angler certainly did not force tuna research; he did, however, with

time, funds and energy broaden the scope of investigation. Some endowed laboratories and foundations for general ocean research which have, at one time or another, contributed pieces to the tuna puzzle. Wendell Anderson has provided valuable support to Yale's Bingham Oceanographic Laboratory, and the Charles F. Johnson Foundation is sponsoring intensive bluefin effort at the Marine Laboratory of the University of Miami. The names these organizations bear are all well regarded in sport-fishing circles (Wendell Anderson's son John W. II is a member of the 1956 U.S. tuna team), but there is also the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution on Cape Cod, the National Geographic Society and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and they too have an interest in the Atlantic bluefin.

And there are the scientists, the marine biologists and ichthyologists, many

tuna anglers themselves. They have explored and studied. They have tracked tuna by plane and boat, tagged them, caught them and taken them apart. They have asked questions, correlated tens of thousands of observations, and innumerable anglers have cooperated with interest and energy.

Bit by bit, during recent years, more pieces have gone into the puzzle, and it has taken definite shape (see map, page 69). There is, to be sure, still controversy and there will be until man solves all the mysteries of the sea.

What, one wonders, is the lure of the bluefin? It is not the largest game fish; the Pacific black marlin is that. Neither does it jump like the marlin. It runs long, sounds deep, and a man has likened the catching of one to hoisting a bus with the doors open from the very floor of the ocean. Yet both men

continued on next page

TEST TIME FOR TUNA

continued from page 71

and women become addicted to tuna. Perhaps there is in them a little of Hemingway's *Old Man and the Sea*, or of the mountaineer. Whatever they may feel, there is certainly an abiding respect for the bluefin and its epic battles against rod and reel.

There was the time, for instance, in 1934 off Liverpool, Nova Scotia when six anglers took turns and fought a tuna for 62 hours though they were well aware that the fish was foul hooked and if not disqualified for record consideration on that count would be because more than one man had handled the rod. And there was the time when Mrs. S. Kip Farrington Jr. fought a bluefin for 19 hours and 25 minutes though she knew all the time it was a small fish as far as records go.

There have been many other such struggles. When an angler hooks a bluefin he never can tell how long it will take him to win or lose, and that too is a characteristic of tuna fishing.

In Nova Scotia the boat is a rough-built lobsterman temporarily rigged for the summer or fall tuna angler. Elsewhere in bluefin waters it may be a charter boat or almost anything seaworthy up to a specially constructed \$80,000 sportfishing craft. In the stern of each there is a fighting chair of varying refinement that looks and works very much like a backless barber chair. In it sits the angler. Bent around him is a harness which snaps to the reel. That reel is probably size 12/0 which means it can hold 500 to 800 yards of 39-thread line with a wet strength of 117 pounds. The rod is glass (a few sportsmen still use bamboo) and the tip with its high roller guides weighs about 28 ounces. The notched rod butt fits in gimbals on the angler's chair. Tuna are taken on lighter equipment, but this is big game tackle as it has evolved since the pioneering days of Commander Ross, Laurie Mitchell and Zane Grey.

If the angler is chumming and drifting, the strike may be gentle. If he is trolling, it is more often hard. The skipping bait vanishes in a great churn of water as if a stove had dropped on it. The angler is lifted forward off his chair and the reel skids a song like no other as the fish strips off 300 yards of line against the drag. The tuna veers this way or that and leaves great bellies of line in the water. When it stops or turns, the angler can settle down to the business at hand. He takes the strain on his harness, driving with his

legs as an oarsman does. The heavy rod arcs as he lies far back to gain line and straightens as he leans forward to crank it on the reel. The mate turns the fighting chair. The captain watches. The way he handles the boat is a factor in the outcome of this match.

The tuna runs, circles, lunges or sounds. The angler paces himself. He gives and takes. He may whip his fish in half an hour, or in many hours. That depends on the man and the fish. Then too, he may lose it at any time from start to near finish, but assuming he does not, the fish eventually tires. Finally, it is by the boat, a great blue and silver creature nine feet long and with a full fathom girth. The angler slacks his drag against a last run, the mate takes the leader, another man sinks the flying gaff. A tuna is boated.

In Wedgeport, Nova Scotia this week angling teams from eight nations hope for like battles. They have trav-

eled a total of 500,000 miles with no other purpose than to catch and talk tuna—from Germany, Mexico, Peru, Argentina, Cuba, Portugal, both coasts of the United States and many corners of the British Empire. They are bluefin tuna anglers and nothing would satisfy them more than to fit the poet Oppian's description written over 17 centuries ago of a Mediterranean bluefin fisherman:

His arms stretched out, his cracking
shoulders bow,
And furrowed frowns contract his ardent
brow,
Each length'ning muscle to its tendons
strains,
In livid ridges swell the bloated veins,
... Tumes, and he that's named from
beauteous dye,
Cetaceous kinds, a strength like this
apply,
But by the arms of swains like these
must die. (ENO)

WHAT IT TAKES TO CATCH GIANT TUNA



Reeling in. Norman M. Harris of U.S. team is model of well-acquainted tuna fisherman. Basic equipment includes 12/0 reel with adjustable mechanical drag (\$75-\$445) holding 500 to 800 yards of 24- or 39-thread linen line (\$23-\$65); gloves both to guide the line and increase pressure on fish (\$6);

high-roller guides on rod to minimize line friction; sponge-rubber-padded kidney harness (app. \$25); fighting chair steered by mate so that angler is always pointed at fish (up to \$550 for chrome-plated models); rod holder (app. \$18); rod, usually glass, which is more durable than bamboo (\$50-\$150).

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER

A bunch of boys from Colorado, tall on western movie experience but short on the ways of the Old West, decided to shoot buffalo Indian-style and did all right once they lost their mounts



EVERY YEAR, Manitou Springs, a resort center just west of Colorado Springs, throws a big barbecue as a farewell to the tourists who have emptied their pockets in the little town all summer. Buffalo is the traditional *pâte de résistance* of the free feed.

This summer the Manitou Jaycees decided to make something special of the barbecue since the festivities were dedicated to Zebulon Pike, the headstrong explorer who, 150 years ago, came upon the 14,110-foot peak which rises above the town.

The man in charge was Jack Higgenbotham, whom the Jaycees chose as the one to put oomph into the occasion. He arrived at his brand of oomph by observing some of the tame, commercial Indians who hustle their wares in Manitou each summer. "Why not," thought visionary Jack, "get some of those fellows to stage a real oldtime buffalo hunt, killing our game for the barbecue with bow and arrow?" Jack approached a few of the Indians, mostly Pueblos and Navajos up from New Mexico. "Sure," said the first, a squat fellow done up in full war regalia, "we'd be glad to kill buffalo for you, only we'd have to borrow some rifles." Jack explained how he wanted them killed. "You know something, Jack," said the Indian, "I've never shot a bow and arrow in my life, and I doubt if many of these other fellows have. Furthermore, I don't ride good enough to shoot from horseback, and if you think I'm going to ride a horse into a lot of hopped-up buffalo you're nuts." Undaunted, Jack sought out some of the other Indians, but the most they were willing to do was to furnish atmosphere for \$10 a day. "They're a bunch of farmers," said visionary Jack.

But news of Jack's frustration got around, and soon enough local paleface bowmen had volunteered to make up a hunting party. The palefaces' enthusiasm for playing Indian, however, was dampened by Dick Spencer, editor

of *The Western Horseman*, himself part Indian. "From what I hear," he told them, "you guys are going to dress up like a lot of Hollywood drugstore Indians and go out and slaughter some buffalo. Well, you're all wrong. This is a hunting party, not a war party. The Indian regarded the buffalo as his friend. You don't need a lot of fancy feather headdresses and war paint."

One of the archers doily commented later: "We thought all we had to do was stick some feathers in our hair and daub our faces. It turned out we had more rules than the Army."

Jack Nellesen, a Colorado Springs



PALEFACE ARCHER SUBMITS TO A PAINT JOB

tool- and die-maker, who is a local expert on Indian ways, properly outfitted the boys in Sioux regalia and they took off for Sterling, Colo., 150 miles distant, to make final arrangements for the hunt which was to take place on the Carl Sherwin ranch. Sherwin, who has one of the largest private herds of buffalo in the country, keeps it thinned down by selling animals to such outfits as the Jaycees for roasts.

Higgenbotham promptly contacted Sherwin and told him of his Wild West vision. "That's fine with me," the rancher said, "as long as you fellows guarantee to repair all the fences be-

tween here and Wyoming [40 miles away]. If you start chasing those big fellows on horseback like that, they'll go right through the fences and take them all the way to Wyoming."

Jack altered his plan again and decided to separate the needed animals from the herd and have them driven past the bow and arrow boys. But Sherwin shrewdly insisted that riflemen stand by to prevent wounded animals from tearing all over the ranch.

The day of the hunt arrived. Nellesen put make-up on a party of six including himself. They appeared pretty authentic if you overlooked the swim trunks and sneakers a couple of the boys wore.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Sherwin's hands had prepared horses for the braves to ride. Three of them mounted bareback. No sooner had the "Indians" ridden up to the herd than the horses started acting up. Two of the riders were summarily thrown. "We never could have shot an arrow off those horses anyway," said Nellesen.

The "Indians" melted into the sagebrush, and the hands loosed the first bull. It galloped by the waiting hunters at a distance of 40 to 50 yards. They popped up from their cover and began firing. The first arrow (with a one-by-three-inch hunting head and fired from a 100-pound test bow) hit the beast behind the shoulders and passed through his body. Another went plumb through the neck, and the bull dropped, cleanly killed, with seven arrows in him.

"Those boys were really good," boasted Higgenbotham. "They hauled arrows out and shot as fast as you could pump a shotgun."

They weren't so good with the next two, however, and the riflemen quickly finished them off. "We could have stopped those two easily," one miffed bowman complained. "Those fellows didn't have enough confidence in us."

By this time the herd was pretty upset. The lead bull was snorting and

continued on next page

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THE OUTDOOR WEEK *continued*

throwing dirt in the air, and the rest were spooking from the horses, noise and blood, so the final three were dispatched by rifle fire.

And that's the way Manitou got its meat. It's a good thing no Sioux was around to watch—it would most likely have driven him East. As for Zebulon Montgomery Pike, if he had realized what he was opening the West to, he would probably have stood in bed.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SC—season opened (or open), SC—season closed (or close), C—clear water; D—

water dirty or roly; M—water muddy; N—water at normal height; SGL—slightly high; H—high; VH—very high; L—low; R—rising; F—falling; WTS—water temperature 50°; FG—fishing good; FF—fishing fair; FP—fishing poor; OVG—outlook very good; OG—outlook good; OF—outlook fair; OP—outlook poor

TROUT: OREGON: Wickham Reservoir producing 3-pounders on flies. Upper Deschutes, Little Deschutes and Crescent rivers FVG with small dries. Most waters L and C with OVG.

CALIFORNIA: Thunder showers past week produced season's best fly-fishing on both slopes of Sierra Nevada. Local agent reports hottest spot is east side of Alger Lake where goldens up to 1 1/2 pounds are rising. Convict Lake trollers netting out-size browns.

IDAHO: Weather unsettled, with nights going down to 40°, days 72° to 75° and some snow at high elevations. Rumbora best at Seven Devils and Coeur d'Alene lakes. Lost Lakes dry-fly paradise. Warm Springs Creek, Little Wood River canals FVG with wets or dries. FY on Middle Fork of Salmon near Flying B Ranch, mouth of Camas and Bog Creek with water L and gin-clear. Twelve-pound rainbow reported hooked on large Mackay Pupa at outlet of Meacham Lake.

MONTANA: FVG after early cold snap cooled water in western part of state, Madison top hole on Muddier Minnow fly and others. FVG in Big Hole, Yellowstone, Blackfoot and Flathead, but fish smaller. OVG until first October Mizzard drives anglers to heart's.

MUSKELLUNGE: NEW YORK: Berne Anderson, Jamestown bait dealer, used own merchandise to lure 42-pounder out of Chautauque Lake for largest taken in locality in 16 years.

WISCONSIN: Spay says FG for small fish. Lunkers are still on vacation. OF as water cools.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: St. John FP; Newark FP, FG continues on Main Southwest, Upper Little Southwest and Northwest Miramichi. OVG.

TUNA: NOVA SCOTIA: As anglers pour into Wedport for International Tuna Cup Match (see page 65), two large fish were based at Soldiers' Rip. Andrew Juchaczewski of Hildside, New York brought aboard a 570-pounder, and Henry Fisher of Aberdeen, Me., a 580-pounder.

MASSACHUSETTS: Local man reports many big ones but none particularly anxious to strike. Fresh squid recommended as most tantalizing bait for black bluefish.

STRIPED BASS: MASSACHUSETTS: FP along Cape Cod beaches although skillful surf casters continue to take a few fish every night on plugs. Martha's Vineyard agent says FVP but hopes for improvement by mid-June.

CALIFORNIA: FVG on Napa River in evening. San Pablo Bay, OG. Salmon trollers off Maseel Rock taking stripers up to 35 pounds and hardy sock anglers connecting at Chas Beach.

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SPORTS OF THE PRESIDENTS



PERSISTENT SPORTSMAN

President Grover Cleveland, a determined man, played just as hard as he worked

by JOHN DURANT



GROVER CLEVELAND POSES WITH PROOF OF HIS HUNTING SKILL

IT IS DIFFICULT to think of the slow-moving, corpulent President Grover Cleveland, who weighed 340 pounds and loathed exercise ("Bodily movement alone . . . is among the dreary and unsatisfying things of life"), as an active outdoorsman, a north woods camper, deer stalker, wing shot and fresh- and salt-water fisherman. Yet he was all of these and spent so much time fishing and hunting—more than any other President—that he was constantly criticized in the press.

Cleveland considered the barbs "petty forms of persecution . . . nothing more serious than gnat stings suffered on the banks of a stream." He admitted in his book *Fishing and Shooting Sketches* that "as far as my attachment to outdoor sports may be considered a fault, I am . . . utterly incorrigible and shameless."

Cleveland's first remembered home was in Fayetteville, a village in central New York, where as a lad he formed his lifelong fondness for fishing. From the pinhook and sapling stage he graduated to rod and reel and later became a fly caster, though never an enthusiastic one.

Plain Grover was no fancy angler. He was essentially a bait fisherman and looked with suspicion upon the stream-wading purists who insisted, as he put it, that "fly-casting is the only style of fishing worthy of cultivation, and that no other method ought to be undertaken by a true fish-

erman. This is one of the deplorable fishing affectations."

On Cape Cod, where he spent the summers in the '90s, President Cleveland fished almost daily—for bluefish and weakfish on Buzzards Bay and for bass on the inland freshwater ponds and on Cape streams for sea-run brook trout known locally as salters. His favorite companions were Joe Jefferson, the famous actor, and Richard W. Gilder, the editor of the *Century*. The President, Gilder marveled, "will fish when it shines and fish when it rains; I have seen him pull bass up in a lively thunder-storm, and refuse to be driven from a Cape Cod pond by the worst hail-storm I ever witnessed or suffered. He will fish through hunger and heat, lightning and tempest." Cleveland, who wore a floppy straw hat and an encircling kerchief which was knotted under his triple chin, once told Gilder that when he was on the water he could cast his public cares aside but that they would come crashing down upon him the moment he put foot on dry land.

The President had great admiration for the smallmouth black bass. "I consider these," he said of them, "more uncertain, whimsical and wary in biting, and more strong, resolute and resourceful when hooked, than any other fish ordinarily caught in fresh waters. They will in some localities rise to a fly; but this cannot be relied upon. They can

continued on next page

PERSISTENT SPORTSMAN

continued from page 77

sometimes be taken by trolling; but this is very often not successful, and is at best a second-class style of fishing. On the whole it is best and most satisfactory to attempt their capture by still-fishing with bait."

A fine wing shot, Cleveland was as persistent a gunner as he was an angler. On Chesapeake Bay and in the Carolinas, where he so often shot, he would sit in a duckblind from dawn to darkness, scorning the customary midday return to camp and quitting only when he got his limit. Today, three of the decoys Cleveland used during his duck-hunting marathons are a prized part of the collection of game bird lures belonging to William Mackey Jr. of Bedford, N.J.

Cleveland frequently got doubles and often "wiped the eye" of a shooting companion (i.e., brought down a bird with a long shot after the other had missed it). Cleveland, who sometimes had his own eye wiped, said that "gouging the eye" would be a more fitting term. Once he tried out an enormous 8-gauge shotgun and let go both barrels. The recoil knocked him flat in the bottom of the blind, and he never used the gun again.

President Cleveland was not so skillful at quail shooting, although he considered the sport (next to fishing) to be the most satisfying of all. He would willingly tramp miles over rough terrain for quail, but the quick-rising birds whirling up in the field gave him a good deal of trouble. "I do not assume to be competent to give instruction in quail shooting," he admitted. "I miss too often to undertake such a role." The deliberate Cleveland was more at home in a duckblind where he could see the birds coming and get set for a shot.

In 1897, following the second of his separated Presidential terms (1885-89, 1893-97), Cleveland went into retirement at Princeton. For several years thereafter he went duck and quail shooting every season, fished New Hampshire's lakes and the waters of Buzzards Bay each summer and at Princeton roamed the fields for rabbit. "An entirely suitable member of the game community," he said in defense of the cottontail. "I am not ashamed of their pursuit; and I count it by no means bad skill to force them by a successful shot to a topsy-turvy pause when at their best speed."

In his last years Cleveland's figure lost its fullness, his tread became more slow and measured and his shooting trips were postponed "until next fall." Before "next fall" came, he died at Princeton in 1908, aged 71. (E.N.D.)

A LIFELONG DEVOTED ANGLER, CLEVELAND LEARNED FLY CASTING BUT PREFERRED STILL-FISHING FOR BASS WITH THE LOWLY WORM



ANNIVERSARY ISSUE: HAPPY BIRTHDAY and
HURRY UP WITH THAT NEXT ISSUE

Sirs:

Congratulations on your second anniversary issue. In just two years you have become America's No. 1 sports magazine.

Your crusades for cleaner sport in football, boxing and the rest are well known and are beginning to do some good. Your various sports editors have proven that they know their subjects well and know how to write about them just as well. As for your photographs, they are unsurpassed.

Now for a complaint. The COMING EVENTS page is missing. I used to follow this page faithfully every week, particularly for radio and TV reference. I would very much like to see this page restored.

JAC KENNEDY

Tucson, Ariz.

• More than 182 letters and telegrams and countless anguished telephone calls cannot be ignored. See page 6 for COMING EVENTS.—ED.

Sirs:

This is the first letter of congratulations I have ever written.

I have been reading your magazine regularly since it began with the Banister issue. You are not only doing a reporting job but also an educational job, and I use the word educational in the broadest and most alive sense possible. You have gone beyond mere reporting or, paradoxically, maybe you are reporting in the truest sense of the word. You allow the whole character of a man to come through. Branch Rickey, the whole man (SI, March 7, 1965) is far more



JIM KAHN, WICHITA, KANS.

interesting and meaningful, even to the baseball fan, than Rickey the baseball wizard with no roots, no philosophy, no motivation beyond being a baseball wizard. Life is a lot more than facts, statistics and objectivity without a viewpoint. It takes art to describe an art: you have that art.

The editorial feeling of the magazine is above praise. I feel here a true amateurism, a love of good sport which transcends any single sport and which is truly international. I think your magazine has something which appeals very much to my idea of what a magazine should have.

ROCKY ARNOLD

Toronto, Ont.

THE SUFFERING FANS TAKE OVER

Sirs:

I want to congratulate you on *The Case for the Suffering Fan* (Anniversary Issue).

Most businessmen, and I am no exception, can benefit from several rereadings.

FRANK G. HATHAWAY

President

Los Angeles Athletic Club
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

You took the words right out of our loud mouths and put them right where we hope the right persons read them! Hurray! Murray for President!

ART MORAN

Mariemont, Ohio

Sirs:

I was greatly thrilled when big league baseball came to K.C. a year ago.

For the first game my wife and I attended, we went to the ticket window and asked for two good box seats (cost, \$3 each). Lo and behold! they were in the farthest right-field corner in the second row. Couldn't see anyone well except the right fielder. We vacated them and went to the bleachers.

About two weeks later we decided to buy

reserved seats in advance in order to get good seats. And what happened? We wound up right behind a large post, where we seemingly got nothing else but passing drinks, hot dogs and change for the vendors. When one of the vendors spilled some drink on my wife (and it ruffled her some) he merely stated, "If you don't like it here why did you come?" That was in April, and we have not attended a game since.

H. P. HOUK

Lawrence, Kans.

Sirs:

Arrived at Ebbets Field at 12:30 to see the Dodgers play the Braves. Went on line in a pushing, howling mob to get my reserved ticket. After getting knocked and kicked, punched and pushed for 40 minutes I arrived at the ticket window. They had just sold out. After waiting another 20 minutes I got a general admission ticket.

When I went in I was sent away by attendants who said there was no room left. I went to another section which had about 20 seats left. It was just being closed off by an attendant. When I told him there were seats left he said, "Watch out, wise guy, or you'll get kicked out." I finally settled for

Sirs:

Congratulations on your second anniversary issue! It was your finest issue in two years of magnificent work in giving the American people its first truly great sports magazine.

I look forward to every new issue.

STEPHEN C. ADLER

Gouverneur, N.Y.

Sirs:

These are sincere congratulations on the occasion of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s second birthday from one charter subscriber. In my humble opinion, each successive issue has shown improvement over the one that went before.

I think you are handling a fascinating field in a superbly intelligent and sensitive manner and am confident you will enjoy the full success that such journalism deserves.

PAUL C. SMITH

President

Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.

New York

Sirs:

Thank you muchly for providing sports fans with not just another sports magazine but one which far exceeds our fondest hopes: pages overflowing with those things which are dear to all lovers of sport, intelligent, interesting writing.

Without further comment, suffice it to say, "Hurry up with that next issue."

JOHN BRATTY

Sportscoaster

WBW-TV

Topeka, Kans.

a seat on the stairs. It was only the fourth inning. When Furillo and Campanella hit home runs, you had to see them running around the bases to know they were home runs and look at their numbers to see who hit them. The day's outing cost me \$8.50. It's TV for me these days.

DERNIS SHERRY

(a former Dodger fan)

Rockville Centre, N.Y.

Sirs:

Attending games at Connie Mack Stadium, I have discovered that all the remarks made in the article are true.

It is high time that someone made the type of editorial report on ball park conditions in this country which your Mr. Murray has so ably done. I sincerely hope that this small document may be the means of awakening many major league owners and municipal or civic groups to thoroughly investigate and do something about this contributing reason why attendance has been falling off at major league games despite the fact that our population is increasing.

W. J. MILLER

Philadelphia

continued on next page



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GREYHOUND

19th
HOLE

continued from page 79

Sirs:

It's high time the fan got something for his money—in addition to a rain check. It was not long ago we in Cincinnati had an obsolete team and park. Now we have a team, but we are still cursed with an obsolete park. Here's hoping your article helps get the wheels in motion.

EARL RAYMOND KINLEY JR.
Cincinnati

TED WILLIAMS AND THE PRESS BOX

Sirs:

While none of Ted's sympathizers will condone his spitting (Anniversary Issue), it is deplorable that an athlete of his stature and skill should be expected to reply to a barrage of insults, foul names and pop bottles with a grateful smile and doffing of his cap.

Here we have the most unusual situation of sportswriters siding with the rowdy element in our national pastime. The next time you go to a ball game in Boston, leave the kiddies and your wife at home and sit in that part of the bleachers where you can hear the flow of choice billingsgate from those leather-junged "sportsmen."

JOHN E. SAUSSER
Kelso, Wash.

Sirs:

Commendations to you and your fine magazine for giving Ted Williams the opportunity of presenting his side of the current feud with the Boston writers.

JACK MILLER
Lawrence, Kans.

Sirs:

It's something of a first to read Ted's side of the story.

JANET KRAVINY
Fitchburg, Mass.

Sirs:

I understand the Honorable James Condon, Democrat of South Boston, is trying to pass a bill which would prohibit cash-paying baseball fans a right they have enjoyed since baseball began, the right to razz a ballplayer.

To get to the heart of the matter, Ted Williams has as much a right to spit at

Sirs:

Baseball, like patients that have cancer, just looks healthy. Your article on the suffering fan was a desperate *intervention chirurgicale* to save it.

I can imagine the courage you have, to give us an article like that about the game you love.

DR. JACQUES MATTEAU
Montreal

sportswriters, fans or what have you as the fans have the right to razz the great Williams....

NORMAN COLEMAN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

It was good to see you print some of the "bush" remarks of "big league" sportswriters....

ED ARNOLD
Burlingame, Calif.

Sirs:

Some of those fans along that left field line and some of the sportswriters in the press box up in Fenway Park should have their mouths washed out with arsenic....

JAMES T. SMITH JR.
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Many Boston sportswriters often claim the pre-Williams letters are meaningless, being from East Nothing, N.H., unnamed, etc. Considering the job the writers try to do on Williams, some of his supporters may be afraid to state their names and whereabouts, fearing that such information might result in most unpleasant publicity from these gentlemen of the press.

P. A. MACPHERSON
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

I humbly admit to being one of those California nonentities that Frank Lane referred to in a recent interview (*Cordoba Fans Put Lane on the Spot*, SI, Aug. 13) and should probably therefore confine my remarks to minor league activities such as the Los Angeles ball team. With apologies

MR. CAPER



to Mr. Lane. I feel compelled to protest the harassment levied on Ted Williams by the fans and sportswriters of Boston.

I say that Boston should give thanks for being fortunate enough to have the great Ted on their team and should stop being sorry for themselves because he doesn't personally thank each one for being so gracious as to come to Fenway Park.

WALT MORYKOW

Sylmar, California

• All spitting aside, Ted Williams is to be congratulated on a remarkably thoughtful and loyal following. The 100-plus letters from all parts of the country received by *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* on Williams' act of defiance unanimously support the slugger.—ED.

HOLLAND'S MASTER THESIS

Sirs:

There is no other description of Gerald Holland's amazing thesis (Anniversary Issue), *The Age of Sport*, than "great."

BRUCE B. BREWER JR.

Kansas City, Kansas

Sirs:

Branch Rickey Buckmeister Jr.'s thesis on the Age of Sport was wonderful. He no doubt received an A and his M.S.S. degree. Can't wait for next week's SI.

JUDY RENNIS

New York

BRANCH RICKY BUCKMEISTER:

PLEASE WIRE OBJECT COMPLETE WITH BLINDERS ONE BRANCH OF TWO-HEADED HORSES FOR ENTRY IN ADDED FEATURE AT YONKERS RACEWAY, "THE DOUBLE-HEADED DAILY DOUBLE."

CYRUS HAMILTONIAN TIPLADY

YONKERS, N.Y.

• It takes two-headed fans to bet on two-headed horses in a double-headed daily double.—ED.

TENNIS, EVERYONE?

Sirs:

My compliments to you on your lead editorial on tennis, "Western Approach" (Anniversary Issue). As a former secretary of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, it makes me, and I am sure many courted on next page

by AJAY



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McKESSON & ROBBINS

19th
HOLE

continued from page 82

of my friends of the last 50 years in national tennis officialdom, feel good to see a magazine of your great influence and standing take up the battle for making the U.S.L.T.A. a truly national organization in government, in uniform court surfaces and in geographical distribution of championships and Davis Cup matches—away from the overwhelming influence of grass courts on which not 5% of the tennis of the country is played.

Chicago

RALPH WESTCOTT

Sirs:

Your article on the American Zone Davis Cup finals at Rye states a few basic truths about the Westchester Country Club which can be properly appreciated by the unfor-

tunate tennis fans who were there. I had come all the way from Georgia, but I never shall go again. I paid for the most expensive box seats in order to have my back to the sun, only to find it shining squarely in my eyes. I was ordered out of the dining room after having, by hard work, found someone willing to direct me to it, because my escort was not wearing a coat and tie. The tennis was fine, but it was obscured by the pompous umpire's bickering with the untrained ball boys.

An event as important as a Davis Cup zone final deserves a little better treatment. Thanks to Billy Talbot for his fine writing, as well as his fine management of our Davis Cup team.

Athens, Ga.

SUSAN WEST

SIRES AND SAILS

Sirs:

The *Sires and Great Champions* pictures (Anniversary Issue) were most beautiful color photographs of Thoroughbreds I have ever seen, and the magazine's selection of those 12 great racers was excellent indeed.

JOLENE BOYD

Corpus Christi, Texas

Sirs:

Allow me to present you with the accolade of the year for your splendid color pictures of former champions of the turf. They almost look like oil paintings.

Also a pat on the back for those fine pictures of plastic hulls and the designs built like birds in flight. *Exquisite.*

JAMES PALSER

North Pelham, N.Y.

Sirs:

Your article *Building Boats for Fiber Glass* (Anniversary Issue) was just as interesting and as beautifully presented as your article on Carleton Mitchell's *Frégate* (81, June 18). I should like to add a little

information on both larger and smaller plastic hulls. The Anchorage Corp., Warren, R.I., has built in addition to the three 40-foot Coast Guard patrol boats two large plastic sailboats. The *Arion*, built in 1951 from designs by Sidney Herreshoff, is a 42-foot auxiliary ketch now owned by the Coast Guard Academy at New London, Conn. She participated in the Newport-Annapolis ocean race three years ago. The *Vege*, a 33-foot keel auxiliary sloop with 5,540 pounds of outside ballast, built in 1953 from designs by Warner, is mine.

As for the smaller hulls, you might be interested to know that Anchorage has produced thousands of Dyer dinks and dhowes of all sizes. Of the record fleet in the recent Bermuda race, over 85% carried Dyer dhowes as lifeboats. During the war, thousands of Navy craft carried these same plastic dhowes for the same purpose.

Fiber-glass construction is certainly the coming thing for boats both large and small.

BYAM K. STEVENS

Centreville, Md.

CASEY IN ANGUISHLAND

Sirs:

I have just finished reading the poem entitled "Casing Adder Bet" (Anniversary Issue). I can honestly say that I have never been more puzzled, or more delighted when I could finally decipher the words.

I feel that again *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has come up with a first.

Can you tell me when the first copies of the book will start appearing in the bookstores, as I don't want to miss it?

MORRIS ALTMAN

Chicago

● Howard Chase's *Anguish Languiak*, at \$1.95, is now on the market.—ED.

Sirs:

Wants akin inner *SPORTS AN LUSTER ATE* r ewe half bitter cheek putt.

I practically killed myself with laughter when I read "Casing Adder Bet."

However, there is one part I was unable to translate, at the very beginning of the story:

"Hervey borach boil stary a boarder

borach boil gam plate lung, lung a gore."

Please translate.

C. J. TOTTENHAM

Port Hope, Ont.

● We won't spoil your fun. As we said in our introduction, *Anguish Languiak* must be read out loud to be understood.—ED.

Sirs:

Suture bag cock whay gut form yore article "Casing Adder Bet." Whay lured an larfed tell door tars can tour ies.

Sins whay dist half door upper to knit teevador stary "Ladle Rat Rotten Hut," weed appear shew use four wood ink hicuppy odd yore furs tissue ore tar shed off door stary.

Mut club lodged.

FRED SCHONFELDT

Cedarburg, Wis.

● Hicuppy odd furs tissue as honest weigh dwe Rudder Shameful.—ID.



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Barbara Romack

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BILLY SCHUMACHER III

PAT ON THE BACK

PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH G. OLLAR

Shy, handsome Billy, a 13-year-old ninth-grade student from Seattle, took both heats in the J/U runabout class to retain his title (won last year) at National Stock Outboard Championships in Cambridge, Md. He has won or placed in 29 of his 30 races in 15 regattas this year. Billy's father, a Seattle bakery owner, his mother and three sisters (ages 17, 16 and 12) made the 3,200-mile trip to Cambridge with him.



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